

ALL YESTERDAY'S NEWS TOLD IN PHOTOGRAPHS.

The Daily

1/2d.

ILLUSTRATED

Mirror.

A Paper for Men and Women.

Eye-witnesses
Wanted.
See Page 6.

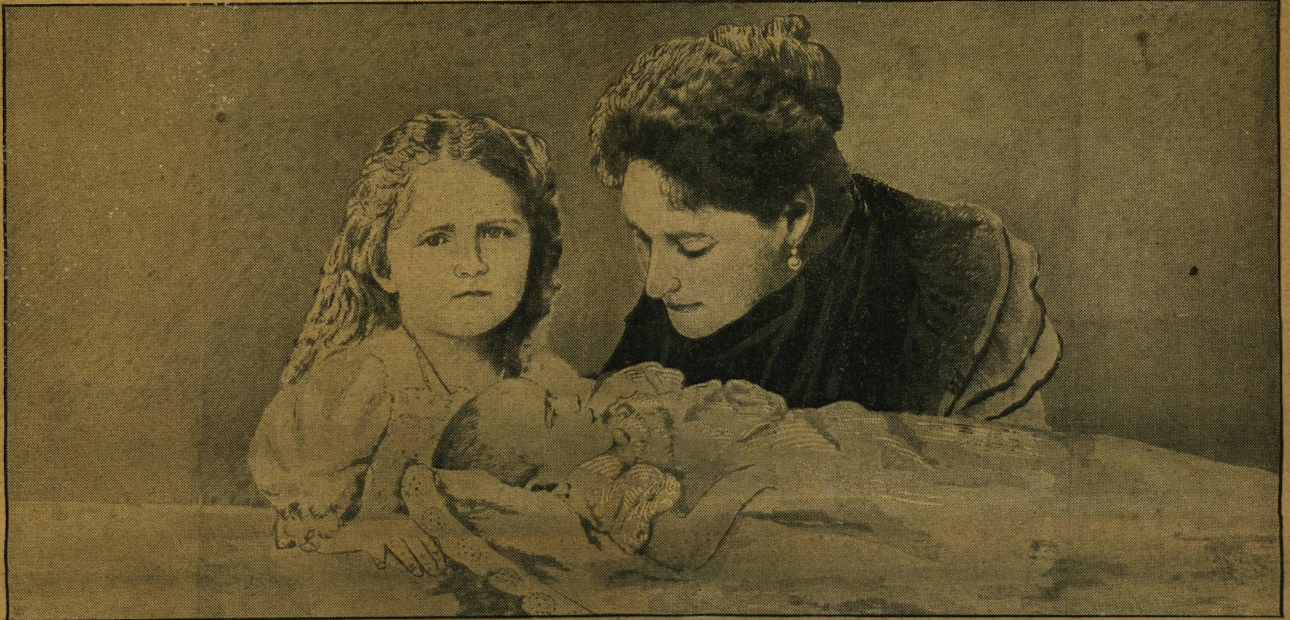
No. 135.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

WAR BRINGS SUFFERING TO THE TSARITSA.



This is the latest and hitherto unpublished photograph of the Tsaritsa and her two youngest daughters, the Duchesses Anastasia and Tatyana, and has been taken since the outbreak of war. The stress of the war is resting heavily upon the brow of this beautiful and sensitive royal woman, who already shows plainly how greatly the war weighs upon her. She has aged greatly since hostilities began.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA AND HER FATHER.



Although the King of Denmark, our Queen's father, is eighty-six years of age, he is still hale and hearty. He is here conducting his royal daughter, Queen Alexandra, from the landing-stage at Copenhagen.

A MILLION DOLLAR FIRE.



This great fire in New York did damage to the value of a million dollars. It started at 11.30, but the Fire Brigade had it under control in two hours. Thirty-seven engines, eleven escapes, and two water-towers were sent to the scene.

"Memory-making."

Amongst the many achievements of the century the art of memory-making is not now to be reckoned. For centuries men have aimed at mental betterment by means of mnemonic "aids"; but hitherto all systems have failed to accomplish this object. To Mr. C. L. PELMAN belongs the honour of first resolving certain well-known psychological facts into cause and effect, with the result that he has been able to lay down certain definite rules for mental training which, in practice, have met with surprising success in developing and strengthening the faculty of memory. Mr. Pelman's system is now taught all over the world, with the result

that there are now some thousands of professional and business men and women who are proud to attribute their success to the practical mental training they received at Mr. Pelman's hands. Letters written by English, French, German, Russian, Italian, Spanish, Swiss, and other students give unstinted praise to the Pelman System of Memory Training. Oxford and Cambridge men, journalists, editors, lawyers, doctors, clergymen, merchants, teachers, accountants, army and navy officers, mechanics, clerks, and many other men and women testify to its enormous practical value.

Money-making Brains

Success in any sphere of life MUST depend upon the memory. The most successful men and women are always those possessed of the best memories. And yet memory is simply a matter of training; the best brains are those that have had the most practical training. The practical nature of the Pelman System of Memory Training is proved beyond all doubt by the striking success achieved by Pelman pupils all over the world. It is so

practical that it is impossible not to derive benefit from it; yet it is so simple that a mere child could master it. Its benefits are PERMANENT; the result being the strengthening and development of the NATURAL memory; thus DOUBLING THE ABILITY to learn and to apply the fruits of experience and study.

Memory Means Money

**Is Your
Memory
Good?**

Your memory may be good—but not so good as you could wish. COMPLETE reliability of memory is indispensable to COMPLETE mental efficiency. Every intellectual operation depends for its efficiency upon the memory; the better the memory the better the brain work, and, consequently, the greater the success a man is able to achieve. Even a GOOD memory can be improved by the Pelman System; just as a fairly well-developed set of muscles can be further developed

and strengthened by a course of physical exercises.

Men with bad memories are fighting a hopeless battle with the world. They stand in the same relation to men with good memories as an army using flint-lock guns does to an army using modern rifles. In the ever-increasing struggle for existence it is the mentally efficient—the men with memories—who rise to the top; the men with poor memories are thrust aside by their more efficient competitors.

**Is Your
Memory
Bad?**

Better positions and bigger incomes are the reward of those who train and develop their memories; consequently it is not a question of "Can I afford time to train my memory?" it is a NECESSITY to everyone between the ages of 18 and 80, if success is the desired goal.

Pelman's System Of Practical Memory Training.

Taught by Correspondence.

The Pelman course is taught successfully by correspondence; residence at a distance is no obstacle to the mastery of the entire course.

Mr. Pelman's experience and advice are at all times at the service of students who have completed their course and every care is bestowed upon the lessons of each individual, so that this correspondence method of instruction becomes practically a personal instruction.

The lessons, which are five in number, are

Simple, Easy, and Interesting.

and can be easily mastered in six weeks, if but half an hour daily be devoted to their study. There is not the slightest reason

why the course should interfere with other studies or occupation; indeed, the benefit of the course being noticeable FROM THE FIRST LESSON, it is inadvisable to relinquish other studies.

Just as there is no one who could fail to benefit by the Pelman course, so there is no one (able to read and write) who can fail to understand and master the lessons.

Investigation of the System and its successes is invited and the letters received by Mr. Pelman can be seen by inquirers.

Taught in Six Languages.

English, French, German, Italian, Dutch, and Russian; the pupil is free to choose whichever language he is most conversant with.

This Book is FREE

Probably no single book has ever been instrumental in placing so many thousands of men and women on the road to success as Mr. C. L. Pelman's interesting treatise on "Memory: its Laws and their Application to Practical Life." It is a book which should be in the hands of every business man, and it is sent free on receipt of a postcard.

Every Business and Professional Man and Woman

should read Mr. Pelman's book, and investigate the proofs of the enormous value of the System. The Pelman System will enable you to remember facts, figures, dates, names, places, incidents, conversations, appointments, addresses, instructions, details of business, etc.; it will enable you to learn languages more quickly and thoroughly, to

pass examinations, to speak without notes, to secure high positions; it will assist you to think rapidly and reason logically, to avoid mistakes, and will give you self-confidence and decision; increasing your efficiency 100 PER CENT. in any business or profession.

Opinions of Eminent Practical Men.

Many hundreds of practical men and all the leading newspapers of the world have endorsed Mr. Pelman's system. Here are a few of the written expressions of opinion as to the value of memory sent to Mr. Pelman:

MR. W. T. STEAD writes:

"The improvement that can be effected in the memory by taking pains is so immense and so little realised that I consider Mr. Pelman one of the benefactors of the human race."

MAJ.-GEN. BADEN-POWELL writes:

"I am convinced that a good memory is a most valuable aid to success in almost any branch of life, and it can, to a great degree, be obtained by cultivation and practice."

REV. R. J. CAMPBELL writes:

"A well-trained memory appears to me to be indispensable in most pursuits."

MR. H. BEERBOHM TREE writes:

"I believe memory to be a valuable—indeed, a most valuable—gift for eminent statesmen and professional gentlemen."

MR. SILAS HOCKING writes:

"If any system of training will turn a bad memory into a good one I would certainly advise all young men, especially those entering the professions, to go in for it."

MR. F. C. SELOUS writes:

"That a good memory is a most useful and delightful possession is, I imagine, a proposition that no one will gainsay, and if the Pelman School of Memory Training is a practical system of strengthening that important faculty, it will certainly confer great benefits upon its pupils."

MR. CLEMENT SCOTT writes:

"One of the best systems of memory training that I have come across has been invented by C. L. Pelman; there should be no more scraps of paper or pencils, or knots in handkerchiefs, if the Pelman course is rigidly adopted."

Write To-Day—NOW—to The Secretary.

The Pelman School of Memory Training, 66, WENHAM HOUSE, BLOOMSBURY STREET, LONDON, W.C.

SOUTH AFRICA,
Lynn Buildings,
Durban, Natal.

AUSTRALIA,
Box 402, G.P.O.,
Melbourne.

GERMANY,
Mozart Str. 9,
Munich.

U. S.,
1699, Masonic Temple,
Chicago.

INDIA,
Address on
Application.

FRANCE, RUSSIA.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for the week-end is: South-westerly winds, gusty at times; mostly fair and warm; slight rain at times locally.

Lightning-up time: 7.45 p.m. Sunday: 7.47 p.m.

Sea passages generally will be moderate on all coasts, but rough conditions will continue over the Atlantic.

TO-DAY'S NEWS AT A GLANCE.

The Anglo-French Agreement, concerning which we publish special details, was signed yesterday at the Foreign Office. (Page 3.)

In St. Petersburg a rumour is current that an engagement unfavourable to the Russian troops has taken place on the Yalu. All is quiet at Port Arthur, though another attack is expected from Japanese vessels which have reappeared in the neighbouring waters. (Page 3.)

It is reported that a force of 200 Tibetans fired on a party of mounted infantry, whose approach they had earlier welcomed. (Page 3.)

An emphatic contradiction is given by Mr. Austen Chamberlain to the statement that the ex-Colonial Secretary contemplated abandoning the Tariff Reform campaign. (Page 3.)

It is now stated that three persons were injured in the bomb outrage at Barcelona during the visit of the King of Spain. Two unknown foreigners are suspected as being responsible. (Page 3.)

Medical evidence at the inquest on Mr. J. S. Bennett, the wealthy Canadian found on the beach at Rochford, near Southend, showed death to be due to apoplexy, and a verdict to this effect was returned. (Page 6.)

The "Two Gentlemen of Verona," Shakespeare's comedy, was produced by Mr. J. H. Leigh at the Court Theatre. (Page 5.)

William Selfield, the man shot at on the Leas, at Folkestone, died in hospital yesterday. His alleged assailant was brought before the magistrates and remanded. (Page 3.)

Two houses in Warren-street, Tottenham Court-road, collapsed with startling suddenness. Eleven people on the premises had narrow escapes. (Page 3.)

There has been a daring burglary at the Kensington residence of Sir F. E. W. Hervey-Bathurst, an officer in the Grenadiers. A man charged in suspicion was sent for trial. (Page 6.)

Lynchchaun, the notorious prison-breaker, released on bail pending the result of the extradition appeal, has disappeared. (Page 4.)

There will be no turtle famine, as was recently feared, nearly one hundred having arrived in London. (Page 4.)

Only evidence of identification was given at the inquest on the body of the Portsmouth woman found dead in an empty house. The inquiry was then adjourned in order to enable the police to continue their inquiries. (Page 6.)

Mrs. Bellfield Marais and her daughter, who are accused of throwing vitriol in the face of Mr. Piet Marais, a millionaire, in a Capetown hotel, have been further remanded. The case is a remarkable one. (Page 6.)

There were some heated speeches at the meeting of Aquarium shareholders. The chairman described certain allegations as wicked and untrue. (Page 13.)

Music-hall artists, at a meeting in the Oxford Music Hall, adopted a resolution protesting against the action of theatre authorities in respect of sketches, which they assert is throwing hundreds of artists out of employment. (Page 6.)

A fashion sketch by Miss Hoare appears on our special woman's page.

On the railway line near Aylesford, officials found the body of a Maidstone lady, Miss Ellis, believed to have committed suicide. She was a friend of the family, three members of whom were murdered, and this is supposed to have preyed upon her mind. (Page 3.)

Many complaints having been made concerning the working of the National Telephone Company's system, one of the company's officials, called upon for an explanation yesterday, stated that the average time occupied in making each connection is six seconds. (Page 4.)

Leave has been given by the police to the Automobile Club to hold a motor-wagon parade on a big scale on the Embankment this day fortnight. (Page 4.)

To-morrow's Mormon meeting at Finsbury Town Hall will in all probability be made the occasion of a protest by indignant ratepayers. The question whether such gatherings should be sanctioned still excites much discussion. (Page 7.)

England plays Scotland at Association football at Glasgow to-day. Will Bannockburn be repeated? is a question agitating the mind of the enthusiast. (Page 13.)

There were again good fields seen out at Leicester. Union Jack, the favourite, secured the Spring Handicap after a close finish. W. Lane had two winning mounts during the afternoon. (Page 14.)

Stock markets closed with a confident tone. Consols were unchanged, and there was little movement in other leading investment stocks. Greater activity was noticeable in Home Rails, and Americans underwent a decided rise. In the foreign section Japanese bonds closed in distinct favour. (Page 13.)

To-day's Arrangements.

Major-General Sir R. Hart unveils a war memorial, Tonbridge Parish Church, 3.15.

The Ridley Art Club: Exhibition at the Grafton Galleries.

Incorporated Society of Musicians: Paper on "Bird Music," by Mr. J. S. Shedlock, 20, Hanover-square, 7.30.

Stock Exchange Point-to-Point Steeplechases, Northway, Potter's Bar.

Racing: Alexandra Park.

Football: Durham v. Kent, Blackheath (County Championship) Durham (R.); Scotland v. England, Glasgow (A.).

Lacrosse: At Lord's, North v. South (trial).

Croquet: Open tournaments at Tonbridge and Worthing.

ENGLAND AND FRANCE

Friendship Cemented by an Agreement Signed Yesterday.

MANY QUESTIONS SETTLED.

France Gives Up in Newfoundland, But Receives Compensation in Morocco.

A Reuter's telegram from Paris states that the Anglo-French agreements were signed yesterday at the Foreign Office in London.

This important document bears the signatures of Lord Lansdowne and M. Paul Cambon, the French Ambassador, and it is believed that M. Cambon will immediately cross to Paris and report the happy conclusion of the prolonged negotiations to M. Delcassé.

Under these agreements, there are reciprocal rights arranged regarding Africa and Newfoundland. France obtains the towns of Jorbartera on the Gambia, and the Los Islands, French Guinea, the Zouider territory, and the commercial route to Sokoto.

France relinquishes her rights to fishing on the Newfoundland shores, and receives certain compensation.

In Morocco England renounces her political rôle, and France agrees not to fortify Tangiers or any part of the coast facing Gibraltar, and likewise guarantees England commercial equality for a period of thirty years.

England recognises France's right to watch over the tranquillity of Morocco, and to give to the Moroccan Government such support as may be required for reorganising its administration, finances, and army.

Regarding Egypt, France affords that Government facilities respecting the Excess Debt, but her rights in that country are not discussed.

In the matter of Siam, France secures the Mekong Valley as her sphere of influence, and acknowledges England's rights respecting the territories west and south of the Menam Valley.

REPORTED YALU FIGHT.

Rumours of a Russian Reverse in Korea.

Reports of fighting on the Yalu reached London yesterday from St. Petersburg via Paris, but no confirmation has arrived.

The "Echo de Paris" states:—

"A rumour is current that an engagement unfavourable to the Russian troops has taken place on the Yalu. A Russian brigade is said to have sustained losses. No confirmation of this report has been received by the General Staff, and General Kuropatkin's dispatches make no mention of it."

The following telegram has been received in St. Petersburg from Port Arthur:—

"All is quiet in the neighbourhood of Port Arthur. The inhabitants are preparing to celebrate Easter. The nights being dark and without moon, we are expecting another attack from the enemy, whose ships have appeared in our waters."

MAIDSTONE LADY'S DEATH.

Supposed Suicide as Sequel to a Recent Tragedy.

Maidstone, the scene of the triple murder by an auctioneer, is agitated by another tragic affair.

A lady, identified as Miss Ellis, the sister of Mr. A. J. Ellis, a leading Maidstone solicitor, was knocked down by an up train on the South-Eastern Railway line and instantly killed.

Miss Ellis, who was forty-five years of age, had been missing since Thursday morning, when she set out, ostensibly on an errand of charity. As she did not return home her room was searched, and a letter, addressed to her brother, and pointing to suicide, was found.

She belonged to a very old Maidstone family, and her father was a former mayor.

It is thought that the recent triple murder by a local auctioneer of his wife and daughters, who were personal friends of Miss Ellis, may have preyed on her mind.

MORE TROUBLE IN TIBET.

More trouble is evidently ahead for the British mission in Tibet. The Tibetans have not taken to heart the crushing blow dealt them last week, and are disposed to resist the British advance.

The "Times" correspondent states that a party of mounted infantry, fifty strong, under the command of Major Peterson, found the village of Samondun held by 200 Tibetans, who invited the approach of three officers and men, and then, at a range of 120 yards, fired a badly-aimed volley at them.

King Edward has expressed a desire that no official notice shall be taken of his arrival in Ireland. His Majesty is also anxious that all public ceremonial shall be avoided, except at such places as he has not previously visited.

HOUSE COLLAPSES.

Extraordinary Scenes in a London Street.

WOMEN AND CHILDREN BURIED.

The neighbourhood of Tottenham Court-road was startled yesterday afternoon by an accident of a most extraordinary character.

Every Dickens lover remembers the fall of the old house in "Little Dorrit." The scene in Warren-street, off Tottenham Court-road, yesterday must have been as extraordinary as that described so vividly by the master's pen.

At one moment the house was seen standing sound and solid. Next moment the whole side of the three-storey building had fallen in hideous ruin, collapsed like a child's house of cards. Nothing was seen but a great volume of dust, half hiding a disordered heap of bricks and rubbish.

A Great Crash.

Excavation operations for one of the new tube railways have been going on for some time in the neighbourhood, and several old houses have been recently demolished. The contractor had, however, no suspicion that 76 and 78, which had been left, were unsafe. He had had them "shored" up, and the men were actually engaged in clearing away the debris of the surrounding houses when the collapse occurred. The crash was tremendous. The noise could be heard as far away as Euston Station, and the dust, thicker and more blinding than a typical London fog, spread all over the neighbourhood.

The lower portion of the premises was occupied by Messrs. Sporing, Limited, watchmakers, and the upper portions were occupied by lodgers. Several women and children were in these upper rooms at the time of the collapse, and there were moments of terrible anxiety before the work of rescue was accomplished.

Flames started forth among the debris, and it seemed as if all buried in the mass of rubbish must be doomed. When the fire engines arrived streams of water were poured on the wreckage, but this created a great volume of steam, and the cries of the buried women and children showed that they were suffering great pain.

So the police and firemen began tearing the debris aside with their fingers. Soon a way was made by this means, and a great cheer went up from the crowd as the first of the buried inmates was brought out.

Extraordinary Escapes.

By a miracle all escaped death, though several were injured more or less seriously.

One, who had been asleep on the first floor of No. 78, had to be taken to a neighbour's house to receive medical attention. Another was slightly injured, and a third was found under 10ft. of debris.

She and a neighbour's child had marvellous escapes. Some of the falling timbers had fallen in the form of a cross over the woman, and prevented the debris from crushing her to death, while she, in her turn, was protecting the child from injury with her own body. Great relief was felt by the excited crowds which had gathered when it was reported that all the inmates of the houses had been got out.

The appearance of the house stripped of its protecting wall was a strange one. In the upper storeys the furniture could be seen, the wind flapping the curtains and trappings, and causing the pictures and other ornaments to swing on the walls.

FISCAL FIGHT TO GO ON.

Mr. Chamberlain Not Likely to Abandon His Crusade.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain has promptly denied a statement made in a Manchester paper that Mr. Chamberlain intended to abandon his tariff reform agitation on his return to England. Mr. A. Chamberlain says that "the statement is, of course, without foundation."

Mr. C. A. Vince, a prominent member of Mr. Chamberlain's tariff organisation, said yesterday no one realised better than Mr. Chamberlain what a difficult task he had before him, but he was not going to make fools of his supporters.

"Those who think Mr. Chamberlain has taken the by-elections as decisions against tariff reform are mistaken. He did not think tariff reform would save the Unionist Party when there are so many important issues."

"He was quite prepared for what has happened."

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S CHALLENGE.

Mr. Winston Churchill, M.P., in a letter to the chairman of the Oldham Conservative Association, after remarking that his private concern in the future representation of Oldham is not large, says:

"The general Parliamentary situation compels me to politely draw the attention of your committee to my statement in the House of Commons on March 29, when I declared myself ready to resign my seat and submit myself to re-election. The executive committee will meet to consider the letter on April 13."

SUNK SUBMARINE.

Operations were resumed by the Swedish salvage steamers on the wreck of submarine A1 at 5.30 yesterday morning, as the wind had dropped and the sea had subsided considerably during the night. Admiral Sir John Fisher visited the scene after breakfast to ascertain what progress had been made.

It has now been decided to use dynamite to clear away the sand and to blow a hole in the vessel, through which air will be pumped in, so as to raise her to the surface.

New docks are to be constructed at Swansea to cost £276,581.

LONDON'S WEAKLINGS.

Startling Figures as to Boy Degenerates.

ORGANIC DISEASE RIFE.

The youth of to-day is the manhood of to-morrow. That the present generation should bring up the next physically worthy to carry on the duties of Empire is their first duty.

There is too much reason to believe that the hardness and vigour of our forefathers are not being transmitted to our descendants—at least in the great towns.

In the mere matter of height, weight, and chest measurement, as the *Mirror* recently pointed out, no deterioration is apparent; but the subject is one calling for much more careful examination.

Dr. Leslie Thorne, the medical examiner to the Technical Education Board of the London County Council, quotes figures in the "British Medical Journal" which cannot be deemed otherwise than alarming.

He carefully tested the physique of a number of boys in the technical schools of the Council—a thoroughly representative section of the youth of the better class workers.

Organic Disease.

There is a certain satisfaction to be found in the fact that in only two cases were any serious lung affections discovered, but examination of the hearts of 1,438 boys disclosed definite organic disease in ninety cases—6.2 per cent. In addition to these ninety cases there were a large number of boys to whom suspicion of potential heart disease attached.

There were only three cases of spinal disease, but in the examination of sight and hearing a lamentable state of affairs was discovered. Out of 1,149 boys whose eyes were examined, only 619 or 53.5 per cent, had normal vision; 439, or 38.1 per cent, had vision below the Army standard; while 292 wore glasses. Three hundred and thirty-three boys, or 17.6 per cent, suffered from defective hearing. In referring to this latter point, Dr. Thorne mentions that out of 231 boys examined by Dr. Wilbert 27 per cent. were affected in their hearing.

Improper Feeding.

An object lesson in the causes which lead to such a large percentage of organic disease in children was given yesterday in the Battersea Coroner's Court, when the medical evidence showed that the death of a child was due to heart failure caused by rickets and convulsions brought on by improper feeding.

There is no doubt that this is one of the most serious evils to which deterioration of the race may be traced.

SPANISH KING'S PERIL.

Bomb Outrage Attributed to Two Suspicious Strangers.

An account of the bomb outrage at Barcelona which is furnished by the Madrid newspaper, the "Liberal," and forwarded by Reuter, makes it appear that the incident was of a more serious nature than the authorities gave the public to believe.

In their natural anxiety to allay excitement, they stated that the explosion had been due to an escape of gas, but afterwards it was seen that the house in the Rambla del Centro, No. 19, had been severely damaged, and among the debris some fragments of iron, pieces of lead, and bullets were found.

Two persons who were walking in the Plaza Real heard two men speaking German on the Rambla del Centro. Two minutes later these men entered the Plaza Real. Almost simultaneously the explosion occurred, and the two strangers quickly disappeared.

This has caused suspicion to attach to them, and the police are now searching for the men, whose names and addresses are not known.

DANISH KING'S BIRTHDAY.

King Edward Greeted with Great Enthusiasm.

King Christian of Denmark celebrated his eighty-sixth birthday at Copenhagen yesterday under the happiest circumstances.

The weather was beautiful, and an enormous crowd gathered in the square in front of Amalienborg Castle during the afternoon. King Christian, accompanied by his daughter, Queen Alexandra, appeared on the balcony, and was greeted with an enthusiastic outburst of cheering. Later, King Edward and Queen Alexandra showed themselves on the balcony, and received an equally enthusiastic ovation from the people.

During the day King Edward drove to the royal summer residence at Bernstorff. Queen Alexandra and King Christian took a drive together in the same direction, but did not go so far.

A grand dinner was given in the evening by the Crown Prince in honour of King Christian's birthday.—Reuter.

FOUR TIMES BIGAMIST.

On no less than four occasions William Edward Hopper, who was charged at the Hampshire Sessions, at Whitechurch yesterday, is said to have been guilty of bigamy.

For the Treasury, who prosecuted, it was stated that Hopper's legal wife was Ellen Pegden, whom he married at Marglebone in 1884, and deserted at Brighton in 1885.

In 1885 he is said to have married at Edinburgh Registrar's Court a Miss Holmes.

He next married Miss Rastin, a Sunday-school teacher, at Bishopsgate in 1900, and two years later at Kingsclere a Miss Coggins, whom he met at Reading. There were children by each marriage.

The accused, who offered no defence, was committed to Winchester Assizes.

WOES OF THE WIRE.

Delays in "Getting On" to London Numbers.

The service of the National Telephone Company is inefficient. This has been the statement contained in various letters which have recently appeared in the "Times" upon the subject. Moreover, it is perfectly true, as a representative of the *Mirror* can vouch after a series of tests made yesterday.

The first and most serious complaint is, of course, the time wasted in getting through. It happens perhaps once in every six times that the number desired is supplied immediately, or within an interval of a minute or less. It happens in five other times that there is delay of from three to twenty minutes.

Many Complaints.

Other complaints range from interruptions by being disconnected without warning, indistinct hearing, and the sound of another voice on the same wire, to various minor annoyances.

In making the simple test of calling for five numbers within the metropolitan area, the *Mirror* representative gave the telephone company every advantage. The busiest telephoning time in the day is between the hour of 10.45 and 11.45. The tests were made at a quarter to one, a time when business has slackened to a great extent for the luncheon hour. They were made at one of the call offices of the company with all the advantages of a uniformed official and regularly inspected instruments.

"What number, sir?" asked the man.

"1310 Holborn."

The man rang his bell, and the journalist took out his watch. It was just fourteen minutes to one. Twenty seconds passed. "You are through, sir. No. 2 box."

The Company Scores.

This was a score for the company for the number called was that of the *Daily Mirror* office itself, the telephone department of which is busy throughout the day.

"Now I want 1,025 London Wall." The watch was again taken out, and the call was answered within the minute.

64 Westminster (Army and Navy Stores) was the next number, and it required four minutes to get the connection.

1,632 Victoria (the office of the Crown Agents for the Colonies) required nine minutes and some seconds.

But it was the last number of all, that of His Majesty's Theatre, 577 Gerrard, which called for most patience. It was one o'clock, there was no matinee on, and the bustle of the morning's work must have been over. But seventeen and a half long minutes had elapsed before the connection was finally made. "Theatres are always difficult," said the man apologetically.

Average Time—Six Seconds.

Then the *Mirror* representative made some inquiries as to the internal working of the exchanges. The company officials are courteous itself, and he was shown through the busy house in Gerrard-street.

Each of the 170 girls he saw in one of the rooms has fifty subscribers to attend to, and she has facilities for the control of seventeen wires at the same time. In the busiest hour of the day as many as 13,000 calls are recorded there. The arrangements to the lay mind seem intricate in the extreme, but, according to the manager, they are as effective and modern as it is possible to make them. Quite recently some experiments were made with a view of ascertaining the average time the girls take in answering calls.

"They were exhaustive tests," declared the official, "and from the records taken the average time in which each connection is made is six seconds."

TRUFFLE HUNTING.

Demand for the Delicacy Falls Off at Covent Garden.

Hampshire Woods and the New Forest at one time offered a large field for many strange old-world professions which are now, one by one, slowly disappearing before the march of time. The last charcoal burner died a few weeks ago, and still more recently the only surviving snake-catcher in the district was compelled by the local authorities to vacate his pitch.

But there is still the truffle hunter, a solitary man roaming the forest with a nondescript dog at his heels, stopping occasionally to dig at likely spots pointed out to him by his canine friend.

It is not a very lucrative business, the demand for truffles being small, and of late years there has been considerable competition from dealers in France.

Tinned Truffle Competes.

Many Covent Garden salesmen still deal in them, but they look upon the truffle more as an extra attraction than a profitable article.

Messrs. Draper and Sons told a *Mirror* representative that though the truffle will fetch anything from 10s. to 15s. a pound, the living for the truffle hunter is a very meagre one. He has to work hard to find the vegetable, and often enough when he has found a satisfactory quantity he is unable to find a market for it, and as the truffle will only keep at the most two days his labour is often wasted.

"The principal markets," said Mr. Draper, "are the hotels and those richer houses which boast a French cook. But even then the demand is not very large, as three or four pounds of truffles are sufficient for a splendid dinner."

"Often enough," French cook has his particular chum across the Channel who gets all the orders that might otherwise go to the Hampshire man. Then there are tinned and bottled truffles imported from the Continent which to many people are good enough to serve the purpose of the fresher article from home.

"There are few places in the British Isles where the truffle is fairly plentiful. They need a particular soil; principally, a spot where centuries back some large tree has stood, and in the course of time has sunk into the ground."

MUCH NEWS IN FEW WORDS.

Sir Philip Crampton Smyly, the well-known surgeon, died in Dublin yesterday.

Dr. Barnardo, who has been indisposed for some weeks, left London for Bad Nauheim yesterday.

Mr. Winston Churchill, M.P., has formed a branch of the Free Trade League in his own constituency—Oldham.

In order to constitute a Radium Research Fund, the Goldsmiths' Company has handed £1,000 to the Royal Society.

Whilst the inmates of a workhouse at Laibach (Austria) were at dinner on Tuesday, one of them, goaded by the chaff of two others, stabbed them both, one fatally.

Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia, accompanied by their second son, Prince Sigismund, are journeying to London to visit Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg.

A Bill making the glorification of crimes of the Anarchist propaganda punishable with imprisonment has been unanimously passed by the Swiss States Council.

When returning to the troopship *Sicilia*, at Southampton, last evening, Sergeant Cheaney, of the Royal Garrison Artillery, fell in a dry dock and was killed.

In future the coast defence ironclad *Wivern*, now at Sheerness, is to be used as a workshop for repairing torpedo-boats on the China Station, the

Trumpet-Major James Leigh, a Crimean veteran, died at Brighton yesterday.

Sir Thomas Salt, chairman of the North Londonshire Railway Company, died yesterday.

In consequence of the apathy of voters at elections, the Victorian Premier has framed a bill to compel citizens to vote.

At the ripe old age of 114, Mr. McCarthy, a native of Skibbereen, County Cork, has just passed away.

Lieut.-Colonel Gerald Francis Ellison, Secretary of the War Office Reconstruction Committee, has been appointed a member of the military division of the Order of the Bath.

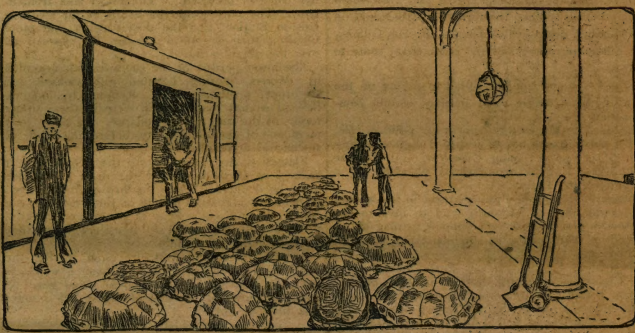
Mr. Dan Leno, having taken a brief rest after his pantomime season, will commence his engagement at the London Pavilion on Monday evening next.

Out of 262 members of the Meynell Hunt, only sixty-two responded to an appeal for funds for removing wire and other obstacles in that hunting centre.

Included among fifty "passive resisters" summoned at Norwich yesterday were Mr. George White, M.P., and Mr. H. P. Gould, the Norfolk Official Receiver.

Placed near the fire by an old man named Weber, living some miles from Berlin, a barrel of gunpowder was ignited by a spark. There was a

FIVE TONS OF TURTLE.



There was a strange scene at Waterloo Railway Station when a train from Southampton discharged ninety-six turtles, weighing over five tons. They had arrived from the West Indies, and their ultimate destination is the soup-plate. (Sketches by a "Mirror" artist.)

Admiralty having cancelled the order that she was to be sold.

Four Chinese students, sons of wealthy parents, who were being educated in British Columbia, have been drowned while boating off Vancouver.

Much damage was done by the recent gale at Hamburg. In Husum the gates of the lock were torn away and the whole town inundated, the water being nearly 8ft. deep in places.

Pleading guilty at Marlborough-street to having stolen property belonging to Lieutenant Albert Henry Royds, to whom he acted as servant, Private Archibald McLeellan, of the Scots Guards, said, "It's women and horses brought me to this."

BOER WOMEN TO LEARN LACEMAKING.

Miss Hobhouse (writes our Geneva correspondent) intends shortly to leave England and settle in Venice with the object of learning the art of lace manufacture in order to teach the Boer women.

On her next trip to South Africa Miss Hobhouse intends taking with her some Venetian lace-makers as instructors. The subscription on the Continent in favour of the Boers is going on merrily. In this country alone, £10,000 has been collected during the last eight months. Miss Hobhouse has agents in every country for this purpose.

MESSAGE AT POPULAR PRICES.

Mrs. Best is a lady who has devoted her life to the art of producing healthy-looking faces, and she has devised a method of facial massage which is inexpensive, but possesses all the merits of massage remedies administered in Bond-street.

Hitherto a poor woman with an imperfect complexion has had to put up with her. Now, for 6s., Mrs. Best will show any girl how to care for her face and there is no necessity for patients to pay a second visit. As a rule, experts will show their clients none of the secrets of the trade, but on April 15 Mrs. Best will give a public demonstration of her methods.

terrific explosion, which wrecked the house and killed Weber and his daughter-in-law.

An Army Order announces that £14,200 a year has been set aside for annuities not exceeding £100 each as rewards for officers for meritorious service.

Mr. J. A. Ballard, a wealthy merchant, and Mr. Macfarland, chief of the police, met in the street at North Fork, West Virginia. Revolvers were drawn and shots exchanged until both were killed.

An equilibrium has now been established in the Turkish draft Budget for 1903-1904 by means of additions to the revenue, which are, however, regarded at Constantinople as entirely fictitious and as rendering it purely illusory.

TRAVELLER DRUGGED AND ROBBED.

When the last train on the Berlin City and Suburban Railway reached the terminus yesterday a wealthy printer was found drugged in a compartment.

Awakened with great difficulty, it was discovered he had been robbed of the compartment with him, and the supposition is (says our correspondent) that the thief must have held a handkerchief saturated with some narcotic just above the head of the victim from the next compartment.

EMBANKMENT'S MOTOR DAY.

Permission has now been granted by the police to the Automobile Club for the motor-wagon parade on the Thames Embankment.

This day fortnight has been fixed for the event. The first vehicle is to take its place eastward of Charing Cross railway bridge at three o'clock on the morning of the others following in the rear. There will be a parade later through the West End to Hyde Park Corner, where the procession will disperse. Already thirty-six vehicles have been entered. There is no fee charged, and a sum of £50 will be expended in prizes to the drivers of the best-kept cars.

PERSONAL.

DEEPLY regret last letter; will apologise verbally if you will afford opportunity.—IRISH TERRIER.

MC—Shall be at C. X. on one o'clock the 8th day. Received no letters or messages from you by Flower shop.—N.A.W.

LOST—DIAMOND PIN: pear shape, outside Kempton Park Racecourse. Reward £10.—T. G. McIL, Golden Cross Hotel, Charing Cross.

ARTHUR—Have to be in H. S. one day next week. Come we meet, let to say, any day early will do. From home ill since last letter. W. return.—ROSE.

LOST, at Ballad Court in St. James's Hall, Wednesday, £20, an Astrachan Tie—Anyone returning it to Mrs. William Penn, Taverman Hall, Norwich, will receive 10s. reward.

ONE FOUND REWARD.—LOST, Wednesday morning, in Upper Berkeley-street (Edgware-road end), or between that and Kensington-gardens-terrace, W., a long black leather Purse. Contained £4 in gold, one large key, etc.—On bringing purse and contents to Ridge's Library, 49, Craven-road, Hyde Park, East will receive reward.

SWEETHEART—Bath. Quite restored; returning; meet 6.42 Tuesday; dying see you.—ARTHUR.

S. M. C. S.—Will, if possible, be at usual station one o'clock train for short time. Have trouble here, and with see you.

KATHLEEN—My thoughts and sympathy have been, and are, with you in your uncongenial surroundings. Wait a message. Much love.

COME home, I find I am quite powerless to do anything in your absence. You have nothing to fear from me, but you seem to quite misunderstand your position.—R. D. P.

LOST, DIAMOND AND PEARL CRESCENT (medium size) between Lincoln's Inn, Mansion House, and Queen Victoria-street, Wednesday morning; finder handsomely rewarded.—Mrs. Wheeler, Claridge's Hotel.

LOST, Sunday, 3rd inst., supposed left in cab, 192, Sutherland-avenue, to Carlton Hotel, grey lizard Purse Bag, containing gold chain purse with 25 in gold, and small lizard purse containing 5s. in silver, also scent bottle.—Liberal reward.—Apply 192, Sutherland-avenue, Maida Vale.

••• The above advertisements (which are accepted up to 7 p.m. for the next day's issue) are charged at the rate of 100 words for 1s. 6d., and 200 words for 2s. 6d. They can be brought to the office or sent by post with postal orders.—Any person having the Certificate in his possession is requested to communicate with Hunsyban and Sons, Solicitors, Huntingdon.

TONS OF TURTLE.

Aldermen Delighted Because Famine Is Averted.

The "Turtle King" and the City Aldermen are rejoicing. Ten long, anxious weeks had gone by without a solitary turtle arriving from the West Indies. City gourmets began to despair. It is stated that anxiety reduced the average weight of the aldermen from seventeen stone to sixteen and a half. One, foreseeing a turtle famine in London, had booked a passage for the West Indies, and was meditating deserting his wife and family. There were terrible examples of the evils of the turtle soup craving, which is far, far worse than the craving for drink.

Turtle's Toilet.

But now ninety-six fine, fat, green turtle have arrived from Jamaica, and all is peace. A hundred of them started from Jamaica three weeks ago. Four grew homesick, pined away, and died, but an anxious crew took special care of the turtle. They had the hoes turned on them every morning and their faces carefully washed. Every other day they were given a sea-water bath, and journeying from Southampton to London every one was supplied with a foot-warmer and a bed of straw. The result is that they have arrived in the finest condition.

In the great steam-heated vault under his City office, Mr. T. K. Bellis, the "Turtle King," was interviewed by a *Daily Illustrated Mirror* representative. The "king's" face was wreathed in smiles, and he was surrounded by turtle, who, apparently thinking of soup, punctuated the interview with heavy sighs.

"It is the finest delivery of fish" (a turtle is technically known as a fish), "I have ever had," said Mr. Bellis. "The Nicaraguans have lately been seizing my fishing schooners, and so stopping the supply. They seized six three weeks ago, and have only just released them, so I shall have no more turtle for another month. But these will keep my regular customers going until then."

Ten Pounds Apleoe.

"Yes, I suppose I have practically a monopoly of the supply, and I know I could get £20 apiece for some of these fish, but I don't believe in 'squeezing' people who have dealt with me for years, and I shall sell them at the usual price, about £10 each."

"They are caught in nets among the reefs in the Gulf of Mexico, down by the Nicaraguan coast. Latterly the Nicaraguans have placed an exorbitant tax upon the boats, and I suppose they have been seized because there has been trouble about that tax. Our Government has been negotiating with the South Americans on this question, and a little while ago sent a gunboat down to look after the fishing schooners. The fish live on 'turtle grass,' but they eat nothing after they are captured. Still, you can see they are fat enough. Look!"

In the Soup.

A hundred-and-fifty-pound turtle, sighing heavily and protesting feebly with his fins, was thrown over on his back, where he spun round helplessly. He certainly looked as if he was uttering—

All the turtle goes into the soup pot, shell and all, for the shell is thinner than a piece of newspaper, and comparatively soft. In the old times the soup used to cost a guinea a quart, but that was when, from lack of attention, so many died on the voyage. As a rule, in those days, half the cargo shipped died, and only half a dozen got out of a shipment of a hundred. But now the best soup only costs half a guinea a quart. The latest turtle product introduced by Mr. Bellis is "turtle oil soap," which costs half a crown a tablet, and is in great request among aristocratic beauties.

ELUSIVE CONVICT.

The Notorious Lynchehaun Evades Justice by Flight.

Lynchehaun, the notorious prison-breaker, who was awaiting the result of the extradition appeal in Indianapolis, has added another sensation to the exciting story of his life by disappearing two days after his release from prison on bail.

Even the skilled hand of the penny-dreadful writer might scarcely produce a tale of hair-breadth escapes more strange and startling than the plain record of Lynchehaun's career.

James Lynchehaun had been a schoolmaster and a policeman before he took a post as steward to a Mrs. McDonnell, of Achill Island. In revenge for his dismissal he set fire to the stables. Mrs. McDonnell ran out to see what was amiss, when Lynchehaun savagely set upon her, and flung her into the burning building, and escaped.

The woman was rescued, recovered, and later identified Lynchehaun, who was sentenced to penal servitude for life.

For seven years he was confined in Maryborough Prison, Queen's County. Then, in September, 1902, he broke the lock of his cell, gained the prison roof, slid down a drainpipe, and scaled the prison wall, 36ft. high.

He gained a good start over his pursuers by his ingenuity in faking the lock of his cell door.

To this lock was attached an automatic contrivance which showed a white mark outside when the door was bolted. Lynchehaun borrowed a book from the gaol library, tore out a scrap of white paper, and fixed it over the black part of the automatic indicator, so that when unbolted the door appeared to be securely fastened. He plugged up the lock so that it could not shoot, and at night walked out of his cell, after having rolled up his bedclothes into the semblance of a sleeping man.

He fled to America, and was at large for seven months when the detectives, whom he had baffled for so long, discovered his whereabouts by following his wife from the church where she resorted to pray.

The federal commissioner at Indianapolis refused to obey the order for extradition. The accused, Lynchehaun's flight. Whither, his friends do not know.

YESTERDAY'S LAW AND POLICE.

VITRIOL DRAMA.

Assaults of Mr. Piet Marais Before the Magistrates.

A Reuter telegram from Capetown states that Mrs. Belfield Marais and her daughter, Miss Philips, were again brought before the magistrates yesterday charged with being concerned in an assault on Mr. Piet Marais by throwing vitriol in his face. The injured man was unable to appear, and the prisoners were remanded until April 22.

The opening scene in this painful drama, of which Mr. Piet Marais, a very well known South African millionaire, was the victim, was enacted in the dining hall of the Mount Nelson Hotel, Capetown, on March 11 last.

The affair, which caused an enormous sensation, was the sequel of a family quarrel. It transpired that the elder prisoner was married to Mr. Belfield Marais, son of Mr. Piet Marais, three weeks after her first husband's death.

Knowing that the father entertained an extremely unfavourable opinion of her, Mrs. Marais was careful not to let him know of the intended union, hoping that once the marriage was accomplished fact he would relent. But in this she was wholly deceived. Mr. Piet Marais, who is worth nine millions sterling, and meant each of his nine children to inherit a million at his death, no sooner heard of his son's marriage than he cut him off without a farthing.

Daughter's Passionate Partisanship.

A bitter family feud thus sprung up, into which Alleen, Mrs. Belfield Marais's daughter by her first husband, threw herself with passionate energy. The culminating point was reached when Mr. Piet Marais wrote an embittered letter, a few days before he was attacked. Mrs. Marais, aware that her father-in-law was staying at the Mount Nelson Hotel, wrote to a lady friend who was also a guest at the hotel asking that both she and her daughter should be invited to dinner. The friend consented, quite unaware of any family differences.

During dinner Mrs. Marais and her daughter seemed strangely excited, and suddenly the girl Alleen jumped across the room quickly, spoke a few words to Mr. Piet Marais, and then dashed the contents of a bottle in his face.

The victim's groans drew a horrified crowd of diners around him, and he was conveyed to his room. It is doubtful if the millionaire will regain the use of his eyes, as they were both badly burned by the vitriol which the bottle contained.

Mrs. Marais is described as a pretty, fascinating woman, of a determined temper. She and her daughter since their arrest have shown the most poignant regret for their action.

STORY OF A WINK.

How a Jeweller Lost a Case of Gold Rings.

Dressed in a smart, light grey gown, Florence Mottram, a good-looking girl, who says she is a housemaid living in Devonshire-street, Theobalds-road, entered a jeweller's shop in Vernon-place, Bloomsbury, in company with a man. It is alleged that she was an accomplice of the latter, and aided him in stealing thirty-nine gold rings, valued at £50.

The girl was charged before the Bow-street magistrate yesterday, when the manager of the shop, which is kept by Mrs. Marie Heerdegen, described the curious circumstances of the theft. When Mottram and her companion entered the shop, he said, the man asked to see some wedding-rings. They were shown a case containing forty rings, and after selecting one the man asked to see some dress-rings. A number were produced for his inspection, but none of them suited, and he then wanted to be shown some that were in the window.

Bolted With the Rings.

The manager went to the window, and as he was removing a tray he turned round and saw the man touch the prisoner on the arm. The girl winked at him, and the man immediately picked up the case of thirty-nine wedding-rings which had been left on the counter, and ran out with them. The ring which the prisoner had chosen was still lying on the counter in front of her.

He went in pursuit of the man, but failed to catch him. Returning to the shop with a policeman he found the prisoner sitting on a chair, apparently unconcerned. She was given into custody, and then said that she knew nothing about the man, and had only met him two or three times. She added that the man had bought her some rings before.

A remand was ordered.

CURLING CONTESTS AT PRINCE'S CLUB.

Great excitement reigned at Prince's yesterday, the third and last day of the great curling contest for the L'Anson Cup.

Curling has for an Englishman, and the large audiences which have watched the play this week at Knightsbridge is ample evidence of this fact.

No fewer than forty-nine "rinks," representing twenty-two different Scotch and English curling clubs, were entered for the L'Anson Cup, which is the blue ribbon of curling matches. Yesterday afternoon, the London Caledonian Club were the fore, and seemed to stand a good chance of securing the cup.

The greatest enthusiasm reigned; each throw was greeted with enthusiastic cheers, and the men sweeping the ice in front of the curling stone to clear away all obstructions from its path nearly overbalanced themselves in their excitement.

There were again a very large number of spectators, most of whom were Scotsmen who had specially come up to London for the Curling Week.

The Education Committees of five English county councils and four borough councils have decided to keep the 24th of May as "Empire Day."

EMPTY HOUSE'S SECRET.

Mystery of a Portsmouth Crime Still Unsolved.

The staff of detectives engaged in trying to solve the mysterious circumstances surrounding the death of Mrs. Bowyer, whose body was found in an empty house on the outskirts of Portsmouth, has now been doubled.

An inquest was opened yesterday, but, after formal evidence of identification had been taken, it was adjourned until Wednesday week. The Coroner remarked that the circumstances were very suspicious, and that it was highly necessary the police should have ample time to pursue their investigations.

The police theory is that Mrs. Bowyer was decoyed away by some person on the pretext of taking her to her husband, and then robbed. She had paid her usual visit to the Mother Shipton public-house on Tuesday evening to obtain beer for supper, and at the time had a well-filled purse in her possession. She left the inn about ten o'clock, and was never seen alive again.

Early next morning a labourer found her body lying on the ground floor of a house in the course of construction in Wilson-road. There were marks which leave little doubt that she was strangled.

An empty purse has now been found near the spot where her dead body was discovered, and this is believed to be the purse which she had with her on Tuesday night. The police as yet have made no arrests.

CURLING CONTEST IN LONDON.



Scotsmen have been having a great time in London this week, for they have been taking part in a Curling Contest at Prince's Skating Club. Last night saw the end of the competition for the fifty-guinea cup given by the president of "The Sketched from life" English Province. (by a "Mirror" artist.)

BUTLER'S MURDER.

After August Menn, a German student, had been remanded at Folkestone yesterday, on a charge of attempting to murder William Selfield, a London butler who had been staying at a convalescent home, news was received that the victim had died in hospital from his injuries.

Among the witnesses at the police court yesterday was a boy named Harold Atkins, of Stamford-hill, London, who stated that, while walking along the Leas with Selfield and another friend on Thursday afternoon, he suddenly heard a loud report. Selfield said, "I'm shot," and appeared to be gradually falling to the ground.

Atkins looked round and saw Menn, whom he had never seen before, standing still, with a revolver in his hand. He seemed to have a dazed appearance, and turned and walked quietly away.

SWEETHEART ARMED WITH A KNIFE.

Maud Mallett, a youthful-looking laundry maidservant, was, at Clerkenwell Police Court, charged with using threatening language.

The young woman was seen by a constable standing outside a milkshop in Duke's-road, St. Pancras. She was very excited, and carried a large carving knife. Asked what she was doing, she said: "I have come to kill my young man. I'll kill him and his sister if I stop here all night to do it." As she refused to go home, she was charged.

Miss Mallett now told the magistrate she had a bad temper, which got the better of her. She had been worried by her young man. Called and questioned, her lover said she broke off the engagement a month ago, and later suggested they should walk out again. He refused.

Accused was remanded on bail.

WIFE'S PERIL IN BED.

Charles Smith, who was remanded on a charge of arson at Birmingham yesterday, is alleged to have set fire to the house in which his wife, from whom he was living apart, was lying asleep at the time.

It was stated that on Thursday he threatened to "do her in" because she would not give him money.

At eleven o'clock that night the shed in which the woman stored her oil was found to be in flames, and was utterly destroyed, but the fire brigade prevented the flames from doing serious damage to the house. There was evidence to connect the prisoner with the fire.

PERSONATING A JOURNALIST.

Leonard de Blowitz, otherwise De Boris, was at Newcastle sentenced to three years' penal servitude for obtaining £25 by false pretences.

Prisoner made out that he was the son of the late Paris correspondent of the "Times," and said he had contributed to a Newcastle journal and lectured at the infirmary. All his statements were false.

BURGLARY AT A BARONET'S.

An Incident Which Did Not Perturb the Cook.

Half-awakened by a noise in her bedroom at an early hour on the morning of March 29, the cook at 10, Victoria-road, Kensington, the residence of Sir F. E. W. Hervey-Bathurst, of the Grenadier Guards, noticed the door being closed to. She did not take any notice of this at the time, but when she got up later she found that the house had been entered by the kitchen window and that the upstairs rooms had been ransacked.

The same day a man named Wm. Davey called at the premises of Messrs. John Bates and Sons, smelters and refiners, of Great Queen-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and offered some silver articles for sale. He represented that he used to be a customer of the firm's, and Mr. Feather, the manager, purchased the articles.

He became suspicious, however, when Davey told him they had been given to him by a butler in a family that had gone to South Africa. So Mr. Feather made an arrangement for Davey to call on the following day. When Davey came with some more goods he detained him while he sent for the police.

Davey was charged before the South-Western police court magistrate with having committed the burglary, and was yesterday committed for trial.

BATTLE OF THE "SKETCH."

BOISTEROUS CHILDREN.

Disagreeable Experience in a First-Class Carriage.

Returning just before midnight from a dance at the headquarters of the 2nd London Rifles, Lieutenant Edward Beadon, of the 4th Somerset Light Infantry, stationed at Taunton, entered a first-class carriage on the Underground at Farringdon-street, in company with his wife and another lady. Their journey westwards was destined to be full of incident, and a sequel to the adventures they experienced was provided at Marylebone Police Court yesterday, when Mr. Harry McCalla, a gentleman living in Marlborough-road, St. John's Wood, was summoned for assault.

The compartment which they entered, Lieut. Beadon told the magistrate, was separated from the one next to it by a dwarf partition. Immediately the train started the people in the adjoining compartment commenced to sing and make a noise. One of them held up a doll and waved it to and fro, and another did the same thing with a stick, on the top of which was a hat.

The ladies with the lieutenant were much alarmed by this conduct, and appealed to him to ask the noisy passengers to stop, with the result that when they reached King's Cross he spoke to the guard of the train, who asked Mr. McCalla, who was in the compartment, and those with him kindly to desist. At the next station Mr. McCalla left his compartment and entered the one that the lieutenant was in.

'Take That!'

He said nothing, but at Baker-street Station, when Lieut. Beadon got up to say good-bye to the two ladies who had just alighted, Mr. McCalla struck him a violent blow in the mouth, saying, "Take that for reporting me to the guard," and then slammed the door in his face. Mr. McCalla said the persons with him in the compartment were his three children. They were returning home from the theatre. It was true his children shook a doll and a stick over the next compartment, and on the guard complaining that they were "like a lot of drunken beefeaters," he went to Lieut. Beadon's carriage to see what it was all about. At Baker-street the lieutenant assisted the ladies out, and in turning sharply round he "bumped" against him (the defendant). All he did in return was to push him.

Mr. Curtis Bennett imposed a fine of 40s. with 25 costs or one month's hard labour.

Musie Hall Artistes Make a Public Protest.

For twelve years there has been peace between the rival forces of the theatres and the music-halls; a peace founded on the recommendation of a Parliamentary Committee in 1892, that sketches should be permitted as part of a variety programme, subject to certain limitations of length and cast of piece.

Recently this truce has been rudely broken by the theatrical managers prosecuting several music-halls under the old theatre Acts for permitting sketches.

The associations of the proprietors and of the artistes have made every effort at compromise, but without success, and yesterday resort was made to a public meeting at the "Oxford" to ventilate the grievances of the sketch artists.

Mr. Lewin Sharp, L.C.C., was in the chair, and Mr. Frank Gerald moved a lengthy resolution protesting against the action of the theatres, which is throwing some hundreds of sketch artistes out of employment.

Mr. George Gray said the Theatres Act ought to join in limbo other old Acts, like the Birmingham Butten Act, and the Stinking Meat Act, which, still unrepealed, permits the nailing of an offending butcher's ear to his doorpost.

Mr. Henri Gros, Mr. J. L. Graydon, and Mr. George Adney Payne presented the view of the proprietors, and appealed for public sympathy for the new Bill they are presenting to Parliament.

It was agreed to forward a copy of the resolution to the Prime Minister and all members of Parliament. A clergyman present strenuously supported the claims of the music-halls.

BOY PASSENGER'S FRIGHT.

Travelling in a G.E.R. train from Hackney Downs to the City, James R. Bula, a boy of twelve, was frightened by the conduct of a man named Thomas James Perkins.

It was said that Perkins took hold of the boy and lifted him up in the carriage, holding a knife in his hand as he did so. Bula was so alarmed that he pulled the communication cord.

Summoned at North London Police Court, Perkins denied doing anything to render such an act necessary. But the magistrate said he believed the boy's story, and imposed the full penalty of £5.

TO EYE WITNESSES.

The "Daily Illustrated Mirror" invites amateur and professional artists and photographers to send IMMEDIATELY rough sketches and photographs of interesting and important happenings which may come under their notice at home or abroad. All photographs and sketches should be sent to the "Daily Illustrated Mirror" by the post, but no photographs or sketches will be returned in any event. Express letter delivery or train parcels should be used whenever possible. Address—

QUICK NEWS DEPARTMENT, "Daily Illustrated Mirror," 2, Carmelite Street, London.

BEACH MYSTERY CLEARED UP.

Though there was no evidence that John Samuel Bennett, the well-to-do Canadian, who was found dying on Southend beach, had given way to heavy drinking recently, a doctor stated at the inquest yesterday that the post-mortem showed he had been suffering from the effects of alcoholism. Death was due to cirrhosis of the liver, and the jury returned a verdict in accordance with this evidence.

CHURCHES AS MATRIMONIAL AGENCIES.

How Ministers May Perform a Useful Role.

DR. CLIFFORD'S VIEWS.

Matrimonial bureaus under the direction of religious institutions are likely to be introduced into this country.

An American clergyman, Dr. Savidge, of Omaha, is responsible for initiating such a scheme, and seriously intends to carry it out in the United States.

Why should a matrimonial agency of the kind be impracticable in this country?

Dr. Clifford, the well-known Nonconformist preacher and philanthropist, spoke very sympathetically about the idea to a *Mirror* representative yesterday afternoon.

"As I think the scheme over," he said, "it looks like another side of the social work our church is doing, in common, I believe, but to differing extents with all London religious organisations."

Nineteen years ago we started social evenings on Sundays after the service. They were for men only. Then we invited their wives, sisters, and lady friends. Now we have a meeting-place constantly open, and, radiating from it as a centre, mixed clubs of all kinds, which organise trips to the country, week-end visits to places of interest, and so on.

"There, of course, if you like to put it that way, is the nucleus of a matrimonial agency. If it were entered upon, the details would be most troublesome to work out, and the entire scheme would call for delicate and thoughtful organisation. That there should be no fees is of the first importance. Where there is money, there must be mischief."

Dr. Clifford referred sadly to the pernicious power of the matrimonial advertisement when used unscrupulously by mean criminals of the Crossman stamp.

"Only quite recently," he went on, "a case came before me which proved the danger young women

MILITANT MORMONS.

Are They To Be Allowed to Corrupt London?

To-morrow evening's service of the Latter-Day Saints at Finsbury Town Hall is likely to be a sensational one. The disclosures published this week in the *Mirror* of the terrible immorality practised in Salt Lake City under the guise of religion have roused Londoners to the danger of allowing Mormon proselytisers to continue to preach their creed openly.

It is expected that a large number of ratepayers of the district will attend the service to protest against their town hall being used by the Mormon missionaries.

Within the last few days the wisdom of holding a meeting on Sunday has been much discussed amongst the Mormons in London, for they realise how much public feeling has been excited against their propaganda. It has been decided, however, to hold their services as usual unless the use of the hall is refused by the council officials.

However much the public is excited by the recent revelations in America, which show that polygamy among the Mormons is as rife as it ever was, it would be well to remember that the Mormon missionaries in this country do not live polygamous

SOCIETY SEEKS THE PARK.

Fine Weather Brings Life to Rotten Row.

"It's a bit muggy this morning," said the man on foot, patting his friend's horse, as they chatted by the railings at Hyde Park Corner.

It was muggy yesterday without a doubt. The west wind of the day before had died down, and there was not enough of it to be more than softly warm. At times the sun shone brilliantly, and there was a summer temperature of eighty-nine degrees on the sunny side of the Row. Under the shade of the trees about noon it was sixty-four, ten degrees higher than the day before.

The Park is rapidly assuming its season aspect. People are getting up earlier and riding and walking these fine mornings. All the familiar types are to be seen along the Ladies' Mile. The soldierly figure of the colonel, erect with hands well down, the immaculate young subaltern, the fashionable society horsewoman in her glove-like, creaseless habit, and the man who rides with nervous, set face by his doctor's orders for his liver's sake; they were all there yesterday morning.

The green chairs, too, have been dusted and turned down into their rightful postures. All the winter they have knelt together in groups, or huddled

FORTUNES IN POST CARDS.

Eton Boy Who Found the Craze More Profitable Than Diplomacy.

The death of Herr Franz Borich, a Nuremberg artist, is announced in the German papers just to hand. Herr Borich claimed that he invented the picture postcard, but before he seriously took the matter in hand pictorial postcards of a primitive type already were in existence in Germany. Nevertheless, from the artistic point of view Herr Borich was the pioneer of a craze which has taken hold of the population of the civilised world.

In England the most amazing success in this branch of industry has been made by Mr. Evelyn Wrench, who was, but a few years ago, a boy at Eton. He was intended for the diplomatic service, but while studying in Germany he realised that the picture postcard had a great commercial future before it. So he obtained parental permission to abandon a political career for that of a man of commerce, and at the time he celebrated his twenty-first birthday found himself the guest at a dinner given in his honour by the enormous staff which he employs.

Mr. Wrench is yet in his twenty-second year—and looks even younger. His methods are eminently businesslike. At his office he is as securely guarded from callers and general "wasters of time" as is a Cabinet Minister. He is ever on the look-out for new ideas.

LONDON'S GREAT PARTERRES.

Municipal Park Bill Reaches £120,000 a Year.

Everywhere in the London parks little green spears are pushing their way up out of the soil. The flowers are preparing to bloom; they are throwing off their overcoats, like the rest of the



M. JEAN DE RESZKE, the famous operatic tenor, has decided to give up the stage and teach others the art by which he has given so much pleasure and gained a world-wide reputation.

of the domestic servant class are in who have saved a little money and are looking out for a husband. "The young woman I speak of had saved £80—to her a large sum. A man, already married, got to know her. He promised her marriage, and went so far to show that his intentions were honourable as to introduce her to his parents at their own home. She lent him all her money, only to find out afterwards that he had deceived her."

"Yes, these young women might well be protected and enabled to find men worthy of them. Then, again, there is the large class of young people for whose need our social organisations cater. They are without social opportunities at home, and have no other chance of meeting for marriage except the pavement when they are out for a walk of an evening."

"Perhaps," said Dr. Clifford, with a smile, "our present institutions are matrimonial bureaus in disguise."

PRESIDENTIAL MAXIMS.

Mr. Roosevelt Propounds a Paradox.

President Roosevelt—the apostle of the strenuous life, the large family, and enthusiasm generally—has just made a speech at the banquet of Periodical Publishers at Washington, in which he advocated the virtue of self-restraint. "Teddy," as his partisans like to call him, expressed his opinion that a free people merely substitutes self-restraint for external restraint.

This is cryptic enough in all conscience; but Mr. Roosevelt went on further to repeat that the freedom of a people depends upon the way they exercise self-restraint. The French and German Ambassadors also spoke upon the same subject.

With all possible respect to Mr. Roosevelt, it must be said that from the time that he charged San Juan Hill in Cuba with his famous regiment of Rough Riders, he has never been remarkable for his exhibition of the qualities of self-restraint. He has let himself go upon every possible occasion.

President Roosevelt, like the German Emperor, is always interesting and frequently amusing. Both are thinking men, and it does not matter much if they sometimes say more than they think.

It is announced that the royal assent has been given to the Manx Act of Tynwald permitting the British eliminating motor-car trials to take place in the Isle of Man. Before the measure becomes law, however, an open-air promulgation from Tynwald Hill is essential.



The advent of spring is filling the Ladies' Mile in Hyde Park with early-morning riders once more. All the old familiar types are there, both men and women. The riders who ride because they like it, the riders who ride because it is the right thing, and the riders who ride by doctors' orders.

(Sketches from life by a "Mirror" Artist.)

lives, and do not preach polygamy. Therefore it is to be hoped that any protest that is made will be of a peaceful nature.

There is no doubt that the selection of the missionaries who are sent from Salt Lake City to this country is an essential part of the hypocritical policy of the polygamous elders of the Mormon Church.

Wily Policy.

As the personnel of the Mormon missionaries now in London shows, the selection of missionaries is made from young religious enthusiasts who believe devoutly in the divinity of the Mormon creed as it has been uttered since the alleged "revelation" forbidding polygamy.

These young enthusiasts preach the creed as they believe it; to them it is a religion in which polygamy has no part, but to the elders, who cunningly use them as cat's-paws, it is but a means to an end, and this end is undoubtedly to gather female converts to Salt Lake City for the purpose of adding them to their already numerous "wives."

Should any of these degraded greybeard "elders" make an appearance in London on missionary work they would receive and deserve a very warm greeting.

The long debated question as to whether polygamy is at present practised in Utah, a question which has been persistently answered in the negative by the Mormon elders, would at last seem to have been definitely settled by President Smith, the head of the Mormon Church, who, at Salt Lake City, on Wednesday, issued an order threatening any person who practised polygamy in future with excommunication from the Church.

This is the second pronouncement of this kind, and the fact that it was deemed necessary shows that, in spite of all statements to the contrary, polygamy has been consistently practised by the Mormon community up to the present day.

died together in desolate, cheerless rings, waiting for these spring days.

Neatly costumed nurses, with their becoming bonnets, were out with their little charges. Tommy, capering gleefully about his smaller sister's mail-cart, shouted eagerly when he saw uncle canter by on his big chestnut. "There's uncle," he shrieked, and bolted under the railings, oblivious of danger in the way of flying hoofs. Tommy was hauled reluctantly back to nurse, and uncle came and talked to him for a minute, and allowed him even to stroke the shining coat of Nance, the chestnut.

So spring has come to town, and London may be the pleasantest city in the world for the next three months.

BUFFALO BILL IN THE PROVINCES.

Members of Buffalo Bill's "Wild West" Show reached New York yesterday, and will sail to-day on the Lucania with Colonel Cody and the fifty-five Indian survivors of the railway accident on the Chicago Railway. They will be accompanied by the cowboys, Mexicans, and other rough-riders.

The vacancies caused by the accident, in which three members were killed and three mortally injured, will be filled by recruits, who will sail on next week's steamer, arriving in time for the opening of the "Wild West" Show at Stoke-on-Trent on April 26.

One of the features of the show will be a display by two bands of Cossacks and Japanese, who will illustrate the methods of fighting adopted by the two nationalities. The Cossacks comprise 2nd and 3rd Reserves from the Russian army, who have seen service, and who are liable to be called to the Far East.

Among the Japanese a few saw service in the Chino-Japanese war.

big human world, tempted thereto by a genial spring sun.

But to how many people does it occur to inquire how long the coming blaze of colour has been in magic preparation?

On September 30 last year 330,197 bulbs were delivered to the Parks Department of the London County Council to make the tinted glory of the present spring. Eight months of preparation to make the Council's 6,500 acres of parks and gardens beautiful for eight short weeks!

At the head of the floral list stands Battersea Park, with 39,600 hyacinths, tulips, crocuses, lilies, bluebells, and the like; and close behind come the Embankment and Leicester-square gardens, with 33,850 spring flowers.

Finsbury Park ranks next, with 29,025 bulbs, and then comes Victoria Park, with a total of 28,150. So the tale runs, with pleasing gradations, all through the twenty-three parks and gardens under the care of the L.C.C.

But the story does not end here. In the royal parks—St. James's, Green, Hyde, and Regent's Parks—the tale is the same. "The flowers that bloom in the spring, tra la!" as Mr. Gilbert sings in "The Mikado," here literally blossom by the myriad, though the exact totals, owing to separate divisions of management, are not readily ascertainable.

Tulips the Favourite.

Of all the bulbous flowers, the tulip, in the L.C.C. parks, is easily first, with a total of 101,250. And the favourite bloom among tulips is the "Keizer Kroon," of which 18,525 are spread over the metropolis. Two thousand bloom in the Embankment and Leicester-square gardens alone.

The most popular hyacinth is the "King of the Blues," a big floral figure of 2,425.

Among crocuses the prince is the "large yellow," its representatives throughout the metropolis this spring being a host of 15,150.

There are 750 Anemone lilies, which is a modest total compared with the 10,350 mixed English daffodils—one of the largest groups in the "various" family. Peckham Rye Park leads all the metropolis with this cheery flower; it has the top score, 4,000 blooms.

No fewer than 15,000 specimens of the common bluebell will nod to London's spring breezes; while 13,300 representatives of the Scilla Siberica will swell the harmony of colour.

Even so, not a tithe of the feast of flowers has been mentioned; for it is of infinite variety.

To garland the parks in summer the County Council maintains eleven sets of glasshouses in which the flowers are cultivated. Spread throughout the metropolis are 900 park and garden men, and London's park bill amounts to nearly £120,000 a year.



Mr. EVELYN WRENCH was the originator of the picture postcard in this country. Although he is still only twenty-two, he is at the head of a firm which he founded before he was twenty years of age, and which already employs a large staff of workers.

THE GUARANTEED CIRCULATION OF "THE DAILY ILLUSTRATED"

ORANGES FOR MARMALADE.

NEW PROPRIETOR OF THE "ROYAL."

RECORD LOCOMOTIVE



Marmalade is now a national English preserve, and the supply of oranges in Seville is anxiously watched from this country. To judge from this photograph of orange packers at work in Seville, the stock of fruit shows no signs of falling off.



The Royal Music Hall, Holborn, has been acquired by a new proprietor, Mr. Walter Gibbons. He is the son-in-law of the managing director of the Tivoli and Oxford.



This engine is both the newest and the most powerful. At its recent trials it travelled at a speed of 100 m.p.h. and will be exhibited at the forthcoming trials.

PUZZLE—WHAT'S WRONG?



A small Jap, in his native costume, with the addition of a bowler hat, and with Hyde Park as a background, was a sight to which Londoners were treated the other day. The saying that "east is east, and west is west, but never the twain shall meet," seems to want reconstructing. ["Mirror" Photograph. Special]

HAMPSTEAD HEATH STILL HAPPY.



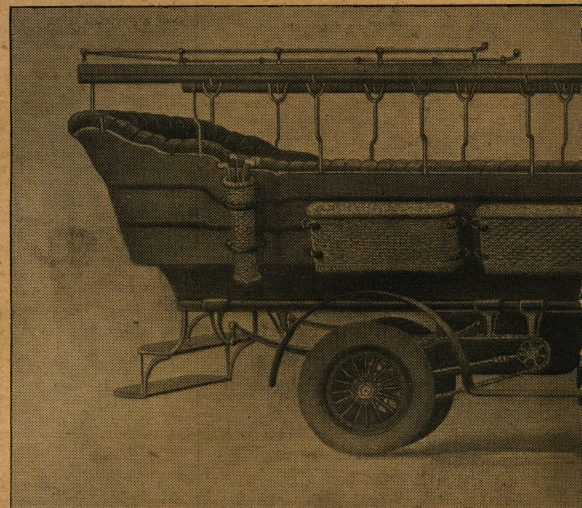
Bank Holiday takes a long time to die, and the Easter Carnival on Hampstead Heath seems to drag out almost to the end of the week. The swing-boats, always one of the most popular forms of amusement, have been well patronised by the coster Donah, who, though she has lost much of her picturesqueness with her "fevers," has lost none of her high spirits. ["Mirror" Photograph. Special]

NEXT BEST THING TO THE SEA.



The Round Pond in Kensington Gardens is a miniature Cowes for London's young yachtsmen. ["Special" "Mirror" Photograph.]

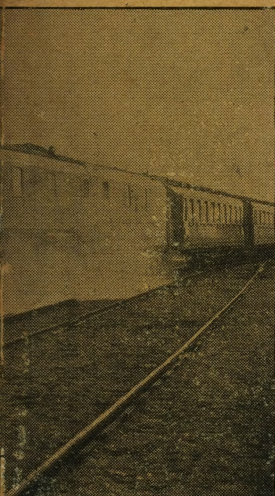
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LOCOMOTIVE.



fastest form of electric locomotive. It runs eighty-one miles in an hour. It was shown at the St. Louis World's Fair.

STUDY OF A CHILD.



Nothing is prettier than a clever picture of a lovely child, and few photographs of children are as pretty as this. (Rotary Photo Company. Photo by)

SALVATION ARMY CONGRESS.



Representatives of the Salvation Army are coming to London from every quarter of the world, to be present at the great International Congress of the "Army" at the end of June. These native "Salvationists" will represent British Guiana.

SUNSHINE AND SHOPPING.



The shop blinds in the West End serve a double purpose—for sun and rain. Just now they are acting in their proper capacity as sun-blinds, and the feminine mind is turned towards thoughts of spring frocks. Regent-street is once more crowded with a busy throng of shoppers, and anxious-eyed young ladies are studying the merits of the new season's stocks.

[Special] ["Mirror" Photograph.]

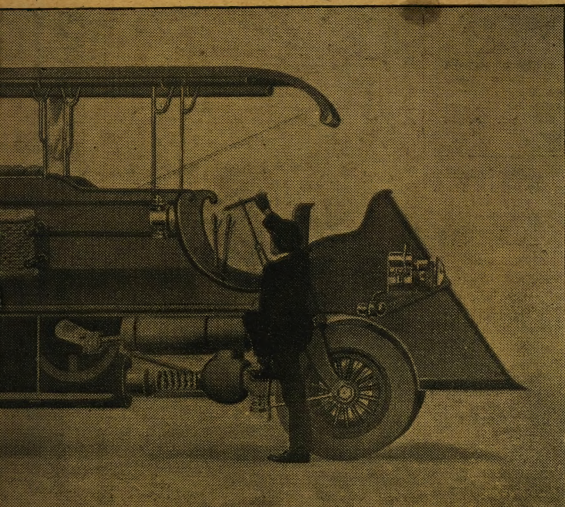
CHARMING IN "THE CINGALEE."



Miss Joan Keddie, who is playing the part of Signorina Tasso in "The Cingalee," is also understudying Miss Isabel Jay. On Tuesday last she played Miss Jay's part of Lady Patricia Lane at a moment's notice, and charmed a crowded house.

[Photo by] [Frank Brown, Leicester.]

IN THE WORLD.



Twenty-five feet long, and fitted up inside so that the occupants can live in comfort. Mr. Louis D. Shoenberg, is the proud owner.

SIGNALLING WITH SUNLIGHT.



The bright days have started the Guards heliographing in Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens. On dull days they content themselves with "flag-wagging." [Special] ["Mirror" Photograph.]

BLACK MAGIC.—ARE ENGAGEMENTS MERCENARY?

PEEPS INTO FUTURITY.

THE SYBL AND THE WHITE OF EGG.

[The experiences of which this account is the first instalment actually occurred. Such a Sybil as the one described here does live in Paddington, but her real name is not given here.]

My mind was made up. I resolved to have my fortune told.

In one of the narrow streets that branched off a main thoroughfare in Paddington there dwelt a prophetess who possessed the most extraordinary psychic gifts. So, at least, all my friends assured me. In one respect she was unique. She would grant interviews only to those whom she deemed worthy of her gifts.

No offer of money would induce her to peep into futurity for clients to whom she took an instantaneous dislike. There was a well-authenticated tale about a certain West End personage who, hearing of her gifts, had gone down to beg her for an interview. Three times she had refused his requests and his offer of a large sum of money.

"You have done much harm in your life," said the Sybil at the last interview, "and I refuse to exercise my powers for such as you."

To my written request for an interview she was graciously pleased to fix an appointment at three o'clock one afternoon. Punctually at the time appointed I arrived at the door. To my surprise the house proved to be a shop, the windows of which revealed a somewhat meagre collection of cheap plaster-casts. Over the door the inscription "M. Gardener, Sculptor," induced me to believe that the Sybil needed to eke out her psychic gifts by the sale of commonplace ornaments. Or was this inscription merely a blind to put officious policemen off the track.

A child of ten, with black elf-like locks straying over a pair of rather uncanny green eyes led me through the shop into a shabbily-furnished "parlour" at the back, and in a few moments the Sybil herself glided in and seated herself in a chair placed with its back to the light. She was a tall woman, about forty years of age, with dark hair, plainly taken back from her forehead and a pair of dark brown eyes with curious orange spots in the irises.

For a few seconds she looked at me in silence. "You are in trouble," she said presently in a deep vibrant voice. "Your worldly affairs are not prosperous, and the man you love is engaged to another woman. But you have a good heart. Wait and I will what the future holds for you."

She went quickly to a cupboard, took out an egg, filled a tumbler with clear water and broke the white of the egg into it. In a moment the albumen seemed to take distorted and grotesque shapes.

"Look," said the Sybil, pointing to the glass, "there are the three figures. You are there, by yourself. There is the man with the other woman. But it is you he loves—but, ah, why did you meet him too late? He is trying to come to you, but you repel him. You love him, but you love honour more. Ah! What is this?"

She shivered. Even my untutored eyes could see the white of egg assume a long, narrow, bow-like shape—a shape that had something sinister in its aspect.

"A coffin!"

The words pierced my heart like a knife. I grasped the arm of the chair.

"I cannot see clearly," murmured the Sybil. "It floats over the place where he stood."

Hastily she placed the glass on the table, glided again to the cupboard, and brought out a leather case. Then, taking up a pair of black spectacles she fixed them over her eyes, and laid the case open on the table.

Inside the case was a small oval of crystal fixed on a background of black velvet.

"Alas!" sighed the Sybil, "then the egg speaks true. A coffin! Yes! And all me! Spots of blood dropping into the crystal. There is a name and date on the coffin. Come, hold the crystal for a moment. Then I shall be able to read the inscription."

My trembling hands took the oval and held the crystal for the space of three minutes.

"Now I can see," murmured the Sybil, peering into the glass. "Yes! I can read the date, too. June 20, 1904," and the initials are H. M. T. A girl's figure appears in the crystal. She throws herself on the ground and weeps as though her heart would break. Alas! the girl is like you. Do you know the initials 'H. M. T.'?"

But I could endure no more. Murmuring some broken words, I laid a fee upon the table, and staggered towards the door.

"No," said the Sybil, pushing back the fee, "I will not take your money. I have given you nothing but grief. Come again in six months, and the clouds may have lifted."

But I had pushed past her to the door. Her words had wrecked my happiness, and the glass with the mystic white of egg had revealed nothing but grief and sorrow for me; only one hope remained.

I would seek another prophetess, who might read the omen for me in a different way!

WHY NOT "WALK OUT"?

A REVOLUTIONARY SUGGESTION FOR LOVERS TO CONSIDER.

At first sight the idea of doing away with the engagement period is distinctly revolutionary; but there is much to be said in favour of its suppression.

As matters are now arranged, to break an engagement seems almost as serious a matter as tampering with the laws of the land. Indeed, in many cases, when it has not been by mutual consent, the unfortunate breaker has learnt to his cost that the law of the land has a good deal to say to him.

But to do away with an engagement, to be absolutely free up to the marriage day, how would it

work? Better, in nine cases out of ten, than the present arrangement.

Engagements are, after all but the necessary evils of an artificial society—the society that forbids any friendship between unattached young people of opposite sexes, and demands a ring and a promise almost as a preliminary to acquaintanceship.

A man sees a girl whose face and manner please him. They meet at a few dances—perhaps a tennis party or two. She is flattered by his evident admiration; he thinks he loves her. Possibly he does, but probably he only loves the girl he imagined her to be. And so they get engaged.

Then for the first time comes the chance of really knowing one another; and what too often happens? Merely that one—or both—discover, too late, their mistake.

Few are the girls who have the moral courage to break through such an engagement. What her little world will say means so much to a woman, and a broken engagement, however dissolved, casts a slur on any girl—and it is far more difficult for the man.

How can he confess that he has made a mistake or demand his promise back when he knows that through his folly the girl has probably lost other chances of an advantageous settlement in life? So such contracts are honourably (?) fulfilled, and the words, which sound a bitter mockery, are spoken, never to be recalled, and two more lives are wrecked.

Among the lower classes there is certainly a smaller percentage of matrimonial misery than among the upper strata; and this is almost entirely due to their superior opportunities of knowing and understanding one another before any promises are exchanged.

With them "engagement" is almost an unknown term; but they have an idyllic custom known as "walking out," which, in a way, is its equivalent. To "walk out" with a young woman entitles a man to all the privileges of a lover; and such walking generally leads to the church door.

Should it not do so, however, no one thinks any the worse of either man or maid. No promise has been exchanged, therefore there is none to break, and they each go their separate ways, to their mutual benefit.

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SOCIAL PEEP-SHOW.

People are gradually returning to London after the Easter vacation, but a great many will not be back in town until the beginning of next week. Princess Victoria left Dartmouth yesterday for Plymouth, and is gradually working her way home. She has very much enjoyed her yachting trip, for she has become a much better sailor than formerly, when even crossing the Channel was a great trial to her.

Among many places the Princess has visited this Easter was Mount-Edgumbe, Lord-Mount-Edgumbe's place at Plymouth. The estate is most beautifully situated, nestling amid trees which in autumn are of the loveliest tints of golden brown. Both Lord Mount-Edgumbe and his son, Lord Valtorta, are enthusiastic yachtsmen; but the former is also an excellent amateur carpenter, and in the days of his daughters' childhood made them a delightful set of doll's-house furniture, which to this day is very much prized. This season there seem to have been a large

number of hunting accidents, many of which have been of a rather serious nature. That, however, which was reported to have happened to Lord Fitzwilliam was quite trivial, for although he was thrown on account of his horse taking a fence too slowly, the only injury he sustained was a cut on his forehead.

Lord Fitzwilliam is a most energetic young man, who is possessed of much wealth and very large estates. He hunts two packs of hounds—one in Yorkshire and the other in Ireland.

A Hospitable House.

Wentworth Woodhouse, Lord Fitzwilliam's Yorkshire seat, is a magnificent old place in which the traditions of "open-house" were kept up by the late peer until a quite recent date. No one was allowed to leave the house without partaking of a glass of the famous brown ale kept in the cellars; and on a certain day in the week, when Lord Fitzwilliam was in residence, anyone who came to the house was always invited to stay to dinner.

The present Lord Fitzwilliam has had the curious experience of reading his own obituary notice. This also happened to the late Lord Furnham, who did not die till nearly a year afterwards.

Lord and Lady Carnarvon are now on their way home from Egypt. The first ball of the season has

been announced for May 16, when Mary Lady Mar and Kellie will entertain at the Hyde Park Hotel. She has already arrived in London for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Rothschild have another house-party this week-end at Ascott, near Leighton Buzzard, and next week they go to Palace House, Newmarket.

From the Riviera.

People on the Riviera have been enjoying the same delightful weather for the past week as has been experienced all over England. Consequently things have been very gay socially, and one of the prettiest events was the children's battle of flowers at Nice. The Promenade des Anglais was crowded with spectators, and the banner winners included the small son and daughter of Prince and Princess Hohenlohe.

Although the season is coming to an end, there are fresh arrivals every day. The visitors at Monte Carlo include Princess Henry of Pless and Lady Alayne Compton. Miss Muriel Wilson has joined Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wilson at Beaulieu, where Lady Alington is their guest. The Duke and Duchess of Somerset have been with Lord and Lady Chesham, and Mr. Sidney Greville has arrived looking rather pulled down after his recent illness.

[Specially drawn by Miss HOARE for the "Daily Illustrated Mirror."]

Illustrated above is a very smart spring coat, trimmed with Yak lace, the smartest coarse lace of the present season. The coat in this case is one made of very pale blue supple cloth, and the lace introduces many blues in its strands. On the shoulders and at the wrists there are rosettes of blue taffetas with little ivory pendant drops at the ends. The blue chip hat, with its clumps of pale primroses at the sides, and its ivory-tinted veil, is a very pretty one.

OUR SATURDAY SHORT STORY.

OUT ON TICKET-OF-LEAVE

By an Ex-Convict.

I thought I was free when I heard the big gate of the prison close noisily behind me.

With a suit of decent tweeds and a few pounds in my pocket—a portion of the money I had earned in gaol—I felt as light as air, little thinking that my licence, as the ticket-of-leave is officially termed, which was securely buttoned up in my breast-pocket, was almost as great a drawback to absolute freedom as the door of my cell, or the warden in the corridor, had been.

But during the railway journey to my native town I had abundant opportunity to examine my ticket-of-leave. Then I discovered how hampered my liberty really was.

I was to report myself to the police immediately on my arrival at B—, my native town, and give them an idea of how I proposed to earn a living. This ceremony of "reporting" was to be periodically repeated; any change of address was also to be notified; and if I "misconduct" myself—if charged merely as a "drunk," without being disorderly—my licence was to be cancelled, and I was to be sent back to complete my original term of imprisonment. This was freedom—with a chain.

My gloomy thoughts were, however, somewhat dispelled as I stepped out of the train and found myself once more treading the familiar streets of B—. I had not proceeded far along Church-street when I met an old chum, with whom I had been closely acquainted previous to my misfortune.

"Why, Harry, old fellow," I exclaimed, "the sight of you is good for sore eyes; and how's the world been treating you?"

But my outstretched hand was unclasped. My quondam friend stared at me for a moment, and

ing the counting-house, I stated my business, and after a short delay was ushered into the room of one of the junior partners.

"Oh, you've come after the timekeeper's place?" was his greeting, as he scanned my appearance closely. "Where are you employed at present?"

"I am not working anywhere just now," I replied. "I have been out of the country for some years, and I'm afraid it would be very little use to refer you to Messrs. J. and W., my old employers at B—, who would hardly remember me now."

"Do you know anything about figures?" was the next question.

"I used to be a very fair accountant," I replied, "though I may be a bit rusty now," I answered, with a smile.

"Accountant! And now you're after a timekeeper's berth! What's the meaning of that?" said my interrogator, in a suspicious tone.

Better, perhaps, had I told him the plain truth; he might even then have engaged me; but, dreading a social discomfiture, I replied:

"Well, sir, clerkships are not so easily picked up by a man who can give no references. Perhaps, if I serve you faithfully, it may lead to something better."

He still hesitated a little; but, as I afterwards discovered, being greatly influenced by the sudden death of the man who had held the post of timekeeper in the works, he ultimately engaged me for a month on trial. I was to have a pound a week, and to enter on my duties the next morning.

A little before six on the following morning I was at the works, and at the end of the second week I was complimented by the cashier on the neatness with which my entries were made. Next I was requested to assist, one evening, in making up and posting some of the less important books of the firm, for which I received extra pay; and I was actually beginning to dream of a junior clerkship, which said only by the stepping-stone to a successful commercial career, when all my hopes were shattered at a blow.

So delighted was I at my unexpected success, that I quite omitted to inform the police that I had procured work. Not long was I to remain in ignorance as to the result of my error. About three weeks after I had entered the employ of Messrs. W. and Co., I was at my post at the gates, when a stranger passed in, who fixed a very keen glance on me—a glance which made me feel uneasy, though I knew not why. He remained in the office about ten minutes, and soon after he left I was called by a clerk, who told me that Mr. D., the gentleman who had engaged me, wanted to speak to me. Somewhat perturbed, I entered his room.

"So, sir," he commenced angrily, "you're a ticket-of-leave man, are you?"

"I am, sir," I replied quietly, turning, I believe, as white as a sheet.

"And why the deuce didn't you say so, instead of telling me a lot of lies about J. and W. of B—?"

"They were not all lies, sir; I was in their employ as head bookkeeper for over five years, and—"

"And robbed them, I've no doubt?" sneered Mr. D.

"No, sir; I never robbed them of a penny."

"But you admit you have been in prison?"

"Yes, sir; I had only been out a day or two when you engaged me; but if I had told you that you would never have taken me on at all."

"Well, it's lucky I've found it out now. Of course you can't stay; it wouldn't be fair to my other employees. I'm—I'm sorry for you, John, but you must go."

He gave me a sovereign over and above the wages due to me, and as I passed out of the gates, crushed, and sad at heart, I met the detective who had so kindly told my late employer my history.

"I have to thank you for this, I suppose?" and my tone was bitter.

"Now you mind what you're about, young fellow," he retorted, not unkindly. "It's a good job your governor didn't want to prosecute."

"Prosecute? What for?" I asked in astonishment.

"Obtaining a situation under false pretences," was the curt explanation. "Now you come along to the office with me."

I went with him to the police station, where the inspector more fully explained the crime I had been guilty of. I took my scolding meekly enough, and when recommended to apply again at the offices of the D.P.A. Society, wended my way there sadly. Of course, I was soundly rated for taking any employment without fully explaining my antecedents. Then I was informed that a benevolent gentleman had kindly promised to give me "a chance of redeeming my character."

He would take me into his warehouse at once, and the secretary, as he gave me the address of my benefactor, hoped that I would be duly grateful.

There wasn't very much to be grateful for after all. I was to be half porter, half clerk, doing the work of both, for a weekly wage of sixteen shillings.

I was watched as a cat watches a mouse. Half a dozen times a day my "benefactor" would creep cautiously into the room where I happened to be working, and I would look up to find his eyes fixed suspiciously on me. Occasionally I was summoned into his private office for a "word in season," or to receive a "little tract"; and on one memorable day this hypocrite, who was trading on my misfortune to obtain my services at starvation wages, actually suggested that I should join him in prayer for the welfare of all those who, like myself, "had fallen away from grace!"

For two miserable months I toiled in the warehouse and at the desk, till body and mind alike were weary. I had temptations enough, Heaven knows. Members of the criminal fraternity soon found me out, and proposed several little "schemes," which, with my assistance, they thought might be "pulled off" safely. Fortunately I was able to resist.

But there was a better fate in store for me. One of my employer's best customers, a Mr. C., was a manufacturer in the north, and every six months he came to B— on business. He called at the warehouse one morning while my master was at breakfast, and, deciding to await his return, strolled through the place. I was engaged in pack-

ing some goods, and had the good luck to prevent him from being hurt by a pile of cases which toppled over just as he was passing. Having thanked me for my promptitude, he began to chat with me, and his manner was so friendly and sympathetic, that in a few minutes he had learnt all about my past history, my experience at Messrs. W. and Co.'s, and details of my present employment. He said very little after I had told my tale, and just then my employer returned, and the two entered the private office. In less than five minutes I was summoned to their presence.

"I've been having a talk with your master," said Mr. C., "and I think you're the sort of man I want in my manufactory: you're a pretty fair hand at figures, I believe?"

Colouring with delight, I replied that I was.

"Ah, I daresay you'll do, then. I can offer you rather more liberal wages than you are receiving here," and he glanced somewhat contemptuously at my employer, "and if you serve me well, I daresay you'll get on all right."

That was some years ago. I did serve him well, and I have "got on all right."

For nearly three years I have been Mr. C.'s managing clerk, and it sometimes seems merely a dream, when I look back on the past, and remember the misery and unhappiness which marked my first attempts to obtain honest employment when out on a ticket-of-leave.

THE END.

PRINCESS'S LOVER BAFFLED.

Lieut. Mattachevich, who is regarded by many people as the lover of Princess Louise of Coburg, and who recently made an attempt to liberate her from the sanatorium at Cosmigi, where she is detained, attributes his failure to the vigilant watch kept over the Princess by her custodians.

Since the publication of his book, in which the Lieutenant professed to describe his relations with the Princess, extra precautions have been taken to prevent any unauthorised person having access to her. He had confided his plans for releasing the Princess to a friend, who informed the authorities, with the result that when the gallant soldier left Berlin for Dresden on his automobile to carry out his scheme he was shadowed by detectives, and his efforts frustrated.

UNHAPPY CASSANDRA.

Russian Girl Soothsayer Tied to a Horse's Tail.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Moscow, Wednesday.

An incredible instance of popular barbarity and ignorance is reported from Liebisio in the government of Poltava.

This village had for some time been known as the home of a beautiful girl named Aksinya Petrovna, a soothsayer of great local notoriety. Aksinya supported her parents by interpreting dreams, foretelling events, and calling up the spirits of dead persons to communicate with their relatives.

Since the war broke out she has had several prolonged trances, which ended by her declaring that she had been in Port Arthur, and was horrified by the ill-treatment and starvation of the soldiers. As the result of this, she asserted, all the reservists from the district were either dying or dead.

An Awkward Discovery.

This report caused so much commotion among the peasants that a police agent was sent down to inquire. He reassured the villagers, and stated that their relatives were not at the front at all, but in a neighbouring barracks. The communal council thereupon dispatched an emissary, who returned with the report that the reservists had never left the barracks.

The deception which had been practised on them so enraged the villagers that they burnt down the "witch's" house, and dragged the unfortunate girl into the street. Then, tearing off her clothing, they tied her to a horse's tail, and whipped her round the village until she was on the point of death.

As a final punishment, they cut off her hair and divided it up, it being a local tradition that a witch's hair is an infallible cure for small-pox.

Crying "Help! there are burglars!" a landowner named Szanics, of Temesvar (Hungary), sprang out of bed the other night. His brother immediately fired a revolver, only to find to his horror that he had fatally shot the afflicted dreamer.



"So, sir," he commenced, angrily, "you're a ticket-of-leave man, are you?"

then, muttering something about "impertinent gaol-bird," hurriedly passed on. I felt very much inclined to resent this cruel behaviour, but the sight of a policeman luckily reminded me of the first condition of my licence, and I lost no time in going to the police station and stating my business.

"I'm rather surprised that you should have come back to B—" remarked the inspector.

"Why, where was I to go?" I asked, somewhat astonished.

"Anywhere but here—anywhere," he repeated emphatically. "Go where your antecedents are unknown; where no one will be able to twist you with the past; or to remind you of where you have been. In your place, I should take the next train to H—; here is the address of the local agent of the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society; place your case before him, and I feel sure that if he can find you employment he will."

Thanking the inspector for his advice I determined to follow it, really touched at the first sympathetic words which had reached my ears for many a long year—the stereotyped exhortations of the prison chaplain of course excepted. I went to H—, duly "reported" myself to the police, and then proceeded to call on the society's secretary.

A very good man, no doubt, but one whose experience of criminals had developed the suspicious side of his nature, and possibly stunted his original charity. I was put through a long course of questions; and then I was dismissed, with instructions to call again the next day. So, having provided myself with a few toilet requisites, and enjoyed a dinner-tee at a quiet restaurant, I went to an address furnished me by the secretary, and secured a small bedroom at a very moderate rent, paying a week in advance.

Next morning, after breakfast, I called as arranged at the offices of the Society, when I was told that my case would not be lost sight of and—"Call again to-morrow." Wandering about somewhat aimlessly, I entered the Free Library, and was soon deep in the papers of the day, endeavouring to "pick up" the six years' history of my country that I had missed. Then I turned to the advertisement columns, and scanned the "Situations vacant." There were plenty of "clerks wanted," but I knew it was worse than useless applying for such a post without a reference. Lower down I noticed a vacancy for a timekeeper, and making a note of the address I determined to apply for it, trusting to chance and my own ingenuity to get over the difficulty of references. I inquired the way, and soon found myself outside the works of Messrs. W. and Co., who appeared to be extensive chemical manufacturers. Enter-

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AT A MAN'S MERCY.

By META SIMMINS.

Author of "The Bishop's Wife," &c.

"Love's ropy bonds to iron shackles turned
Are worse than red-eyed hate."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Outer Darkness.

"Oh, hush, hush!" Pauline cried, in a shocked, pained voice. "Not here, John, not here, and at this moment!"

The man laughed again. "Yes, here, and at this moment," he cried harshly. "Let these gentlemen, who have seen you as a mother, hear of you as a wife. Come, turn round." He shook her as a terrier shakes a rat, and she, in her fatigue, her weakness, the misery that surged within her, was powerless to resist him.

Dr. Ward sprang to his side and caught him by the arm. "Woodruffe," he said soothingly, "come with me; this is no place for you. Come away."

"Not yet, not yet, not yet!" Woodruffe resisted the man's grip on his arm. "You think me mad, I suppose. I am not mad. Would to God I were! I might not know then what I know now."

Dr. Ward looked over his shoulder at Westall, summoning him by a jerk of the head. Westall stood irresolutely. Pauline looked at him, and the look in her eyes he never forgot. So might the lost souls have looked at Dante as he followed his guide through the varying circles of hell.

He went over quickly. "Mr. Woodruffe," he said, in a peremptory voice, "I wish to speak to you. Can you give me a few moments of private conversation on a very important matter?"

Woodruffe looked at him with dazed eyes. "I am engaged," he said dully. "I am sorry—to-morrow—some other time. I am greatly obliged to you." He broke off abruptly, and passed his hand over his brow. He had released Pauline's arm, but she stood in the same place motionless. His

to be that of Woodruffe's smoking-room. "First, perhaps," she said coldly to her husband, "you will come in here and listen to what Dr. Westall has to say to you. To punish wrong-doing is necessary and right, but try to be just, and, above all, remember that I am at least the mother of the child who lies dead—yet hardly cold."

Her voice was so calm, her manner so undisturbed, that it magnetised the man, mad with grief and anger as he was. Without another word he followed her into the room. Westall closed behind him. Mechanically Woodruffe flung himself into an easy chair by the dead fire, and looked up at Westall with an expression of ironical amusement on his face, unrecognisable almost for the passions which had twisted it during the last three days.

"You show a distinct disposition to be in at the death," he said insolently.

Westall stood up, stiff and straight, with all the ungainly embarrassment of an Englishman, looking down at the jeering face of the man, upturned to him.

"My behaviour must seem singular, indeed," he said quickly, "even as an actor in a singular episode, but I wish to speak to you, to prevent you from perhaps taking a step which you will regret all your life long—I mean the making public of a certain wretched and unhappy act in the drama of your wife's life." Mr. Woodruffe, your wife is a much-wronged lady."

Woodruffe smiled derisively, but did not speak, for Westall had hurried on again, like a child who hurries through an unpleasant, ill-learned task. "What if I came to your house to-night, I little thought that circumstances would arise which would necessitate my having been a secret in my own life which is very strangely, very shamefully, interwoven with Mrs. Woodruffe's history. I know all the facts which you are anxious to publish, which you wished to shout into the ears of Ward and myself. I know the whole story of Mrs. Woodruffe's connection with Miles Farniole, be-

listen to Dr. Westall's story. Is it conceivable that a man in his position would invent such a thing, impute such a disgrace to himself—think what it must mean to him to speak at all. He is married also, and when I went to him in Paris, I had found out that he was the man, he refused—I now place himself at your mercy because perhaps he was the man who killed the child. John, if you cast me off you will kill me. John, I was innocent, a child. Surely the sins of ignorance are to be forgiven."

Woodruffe looked at her. He had risen and, and their heights matched, their eyes level. The look was long, but her eyes fell before his. No woman could have withstood his glance, charged as it was with the latest, most humiliating secret. To Woodruffe, a woman, she appeared a quite obnoxious and offensive thing, a creature to be destroyed without pity, a contamination to be swept from the earth. He raised his hand quickly, as though about to strike her, then turned away.

"Ugh! You are too disgusting to touch," he said. "God only knows why He creates such creatures as you."

"You are inhuman, Mr. Woodruffe," Westall said quickly. "That Mrs. Woodruffe was the victim of a blackmail in the past should not make her a criminal, and make her now a criminal. For all these years of your married life you have loved and respected her—she was then what you are now. How can knowledge have altered her, or you?"

Woodruffe turned on him fiercely.

"Do not recognise your right to interfere," he said. "I have no right to interfere with the scoundrelly companion of a former lover to act as arbiter between husband and wife; but since you force yourself upon me, hear the matter out. I was a fool, as you state, a fool blinded by a woman's lies. She fed me on them from the day I met her till the day I met her. She is corrupt, utterly rotten to the core, for all that damnable beauty. Hear what she did, and judge between us. She brought her murderer lover to my house—foiled me there before him, played Delilah to me, and I shot him dead. Tell that to the world if you will, I do not care. Then when, because of this said story that you come prating of, for the sake of the child, I, and I don't mind confessing it, because I hoped that the old love might return and banish remembrance, I did not cast her off—I took her with me to France, and tried to live down the past, tried to wash my hands of their blood-guiltiness—and there, again in my house, before the man I had killed for her sake was cold in his grave, she had another lover, and sat with him there, oblivious of shame."

Pauline uttered a cry of anguish. "It isn't true, it isn't true," she said, passionately. "You wrong me, John, bitterly and cruelly—misunderstand me. You saw me with Mr. Griswold, whom I loathe and detest."

Woodruffe interrupted her with a gesture of contempt. "Don't lie to me any more, woman," he said. "I can't bear it. I told you my intentions regarding you, and you—your husband and I are free now, free to go to perdition in any way your fancy dictates. You are nothing to me, nothing."

"You shall hear me," cried Pauline, stridently. "I won't cast me out. I am your wife, your wife, your wife. Are you mad? You could not do that. One who had married would have acted as you have acted. You know that Fabian Griswold is mad with love of my sister Cynthia, ready to move heaven and earth to win her. Why should he look at me, who loathes and detests him? Ask him, ask my father, ask Cynthia herself. I turned frantically to Westall. "Can't you convince him? I was ill, overwrought. News had come that that accursed emerald had killed another man, and this Griswold was trying—I don't know what he did or said—I only know he tried to soothe me, was afraid I might have hysterics, and a disturbance in the house. Oh, it is monstrous to think that you are so ready to believe evil of me!" She faced Woodruffe with blazing eyes. He turned away from her with a shrug of contempt, and her tone changed to pleading. "John, John, for the sake of the past, for the sake of our dead happiness, for the sake of the child, forgive me, though there is nothing to forgive. Don't cast me off, for God's sake, don't cast me off. John, I love you!"

His voice? He was pleading in its pleading, grated on Woodruffe's nerves maddeningly. He made a quick step towards her, and would have struck her across the mouth had not Westall caught him by the arm.

Mrs. Woodruffe, go away," he said, quietly. "You are mad, and not in a condition to consider such matters to-night. In the morning he will be calmer."

Woodruffe threw off the doctor's detaining grasp with a hoarse laugh. "In the morning," he said. "There will be no morning so far as she is concerned. After to-night I do not intend to see her again. She leaves my house. I cannot have such a woman under the roof which sheltered my mother, under the roof which—" He broke off abruptly, and addressed himself to Pauline. "You understand? So soon as it is possible for you to collect your things, you leave this house."

"I understand," she said, dully. "As soon as it is possible."

He stared at her brutally for a second of silence, then—before either of them was aware of his intention—he left the room.

Westall made a step towards the door, then turned, for with a faint cry Pauline had collapsed quietly, fainting, upon the floor.

CHAPTER XLIX. The Choice That Was Left.

John Woodruffe rose from his knees, where he had been holding vigil by the small, dead body of the child he had loved so dearly. It was almost morning now, but in that house of death only the servants had slept, and not all of them, for Matty Chaffield was with her mistress endeavouring to comfort her, and Manette was busy, spelling the Egyptians. She was very quiet, this detestable Manette. It did not need many straws to show her how the wind blew, and she knew that now or never was her opportunity to deal profitably with her mistress's possessions.

Woodruffe was now perfectly alone, the paroxysm of passion which had shaken him was past, the fury which was so near madness abated. He saw things clearly, and in their proper perspective, and, seeing them, had it in his heart to regret to some degree the insults which he had heaped upon his wife. Not that his attitude towards her was in the least altered. His love was indeed turned to loathing, his devotion to hatred, but he realised what Pauline had said, the necessity for justice. The woman must be cast off, cut away from him, as one cuts a malignant cancer, for all her sin and for all her deception, she had some rights, and chief among them was the right to follow the body of her child to the grave. He could not forget that it was upon her the baby tongue had called in sore distress and pain, that it was in her arms that the little life had ebbed so swiftly.

He went to his room and arranged the disorder of his attire; then, setting his teeth, so to speak, he sought the presence of his wife. The remembrance of another terrible night, when he had gone through the suite of rooms and beaten a peremptory demand upon the door of Pauline's bedroom, recurred to him as he went, but now there was no hesitation; the door was opened instantly at his knock.

Pauline started violently at the sight of him. She was fully dressed, just sitting, dull and listless, with folded hands, on one of the gilt chairs, whose gaudiness mocked her misery.

"I should like to speak to you for a few moments, if I may," he said, and held the door open for Matty Chaffield to pass out.

Hope flickered in Pauline's heart, yet faintly, and died at the dryness of his voice when he spoke. "I have come to see," he said briefly, "to say that I regret my violence; it was inexcusable. I realise that it was beyond my rights in commanding you to leave the house until the funeral is over. Please make no arrangements till then."

"You are too kind," she said, with a grim smile. "You could attend the funeral from an hotel."

"I may do so, but I shall not do so," he said. "After all, there is no violent hurry, and, as matters turn out, I shall probably be the one who leaves the house first. I am going abroad."

Pauline twisted her wedding-ring round and round. "You are calm now," she said, "and you have been with the dead. Is there still no room for forgiveness?"

"It is not a question of forgiveness, but one of common decency," he said. "I could not live with you. It was hard enough before, it is impossible now. I shall take steps to set you free as soon as possible."

"Steps!" she cried in dismay. "You don't mean—"

"I mean that it is impossible that the present conditions can exist. I have a strong objection to having my name dragged through the dirt, yet—"

"It shall not be necessary," she said quietly. "You are a cruel, hard, and unjust man, John Woodruffe, and something you will find out that the selfish of human nature which you are wrapped so blindly is a very poor thing indeed—"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Ah, well, I did not come to discuss such things; merely to say that until the funeral is over it would be better for you to remain in the house."

"I am overwhelmed with gratitude at your forbearance and kindly thought. Good-night."

He paid no heed to her salutation, but left the room quietly.

As the door closed behind him, with a bound Pauline flung herself across the room and turned the key in the lock.

Nor could Matty Chaffield or Manette gain any entrance, though they knocked many times that night. The only answer they received was, "I am better alone."

To be continued on Monday.

"Stage-Struck," A REALISTIC STORY OF LONDON THEATRICAL LIFE, BEGINS Next Thursday

wavering glance fell on her, and the momentary lassitude produced by Westall's dictatorial manner vanished. His eyes blazing, he said to Pauline, following a swift, whispered direction from Dr. Ward, went hurriedly from the room. Woodruffe darted after her. Ward was following him swiftly when Westall caught him by the arm.

"Let me go," he whispered. "The presence of a stranger, you know, might be more restraint. He looks on you as one of the family, more or less. I'll call you in a minute."

Ward nodded. Outside in the corridor Westall saw Pauline's flying figure reach the staircase, Woodruffe in hot pursuit. He heard him call an opprobrious epithet after her, and she stopped and faced him. In a stride he gained upon the excited man and caught him by the arm. "Where are you going, and what are you going to do?" he demanded sternly.

Woodruffe tried to wrench himself free. "Kill her," he said briefly. "Such women are not fit to live."

"Hush! You do not know what you are saying," the man said. "You are disgracing yourself in the house where your child lies dead. Think of the servants."

Woodruffe laughed loudly. "The servants, oh, yes, I don't forget the servants. A fine moral lesson for them—excellent, excellent. We carry things with such a high hand, do we not? It would be well to show them that what is sauce for the goose may occasionally be sauce for the gander."

Pauline came forward and laid her hand on the door nearest to where they stood, which happened

cause I was the scoundrel who assisted him to play a trick—a dastardly trick—upon an innocent girl. I need not recapitulate the story—Mrs. Woodruffe, when she saw me in Paris, told me that you knew every word of her sad history—yet she believed her innocence. Here, to-night, to save further grievous wrong, I speak the truth. I was the man who, at Miles Farniole's request, assisted at the infamous mock marriage—I have no excuse, I do not make none. All I can ask is a mutual silence."

He looked fixedly at Woodruffe, who had started forward in his chair, and his last words conveyed what was almost a menace.

Woodruffe uttered an exclamation of contempt. "What? Are you yet alive?" he asked, offensively. "She saw you in Paris—come, sir, are you not afraid to stand up to a desperate man and spout out trumped-up, worn-out lies? I don't believe a word of what you say, or if I did, what does it matter now to me whether the woman entered into sin with shut or open eyes? It is the fact which concerns me, not the circumstance."

Pauline, who had been standing by the door, came forward. She was like a shipwrecked sailor who, sighting the sail of a possible rescuer, has the inexpressible misery of seeing it fade away on the horizon oblivious of his frantic signal. She tried to speak, but the words died in her throat. It was only with the utmost effort that she mastered her voice, and then it was but a thread of sound.

"John," she said, hoarsely, "you are yourself now, the madness has passed, and for God's sake

ERIN: "TEAR AND SMILE."

A Thrilling Novel of Ireland at War, and Some Playful Sketches.

THE RED LEAGUERS. By Shan F. Bullock. (Methuen. 6s.)

PATSEY, THE OMAHAUN. By M. McD. L. Bodkin. (Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d.)

Young Ireland can boast many a characteristic genius to-day, as at all times, but few more imbued with the sense of tragedy—of baffled hopes and vain enthusiasm—which is felt deepest by those who love Ireland most, than Mr. Shan Bullock. "The Red Leaguers," his latest story, represents its brilliant young author quite at his best. It is not only a remarkably beautiful romance, but, in one way at least, it is the most daring of its line. For Mr. Bullock does not shrink from imagining what might happen if Ireland rose up in arms even now, and "the men of '98" were transformed into "the men of '04."

It tells of a young Irish patriot who is persuaded to take a command in this revolution, which was to

establish a Republic of Ireland and to banish the Britons for ever from her shores as St. Patrick did the "sarpents." Now or never, though the "Red Leaguers," in England's weakness Ireland is ripe for a rebellion:—

England was a power a while ago, when a handful of Boer farmers defied the whole strength of her—ay, an only missed beatin' her by a hair's breadth. Now, when she's crouchin', what d'ye imagine is her power against the whole of Ireland? Ireland, I say! Irishmen, I'm tellin' ye; not poor, ignorant divils of Boers! Chut! What can she do? She can't spare a man. There's not three whole regiments this side of the Channel, half the barracks are empty, and the last thing we're troubled with nowadays, thank God, is the face of a policeman. The fleet's tied, the Army's tied, she's crouchin' on the cliffs. Do? She's powerless!

The Tragedy of "Success."

may be expected, the tragedy of the whole lies most of all in the farcical and impotent success of the movement. The rebellion spreads like wildfire, and a "Republic" is proclaimed in Dublin with triumphant promulgation. But no President was elected, every motion was defeated or withdrawn or postponed, and "there were at work so many jealousies and animosities that any

thing was possible save business, and everything impossible save talk." At last, after a long, discreet, and dignified delay, "the news came that English men-of-war were in Belfast Lough." And there the rebellion and the story ends. It is a touching history to a tale full of most excellent sound and fury.

A Legal Humorist's Book.

A very different kind of book, but one just as admirably Irish in its way, is the latest collection of humorous sketches by Mr. Bodkin, author of that delightful book, "Shillelagh and Shamrock," and as merry a man as ever was at once a profound lawyer and the lightest and brightest of storytellers. "Patsey, the Omahaun," it is needless to say, a typical Irish "bhoy" who was not nearly such an Omahaun (which is, being interpreted, fool) as he looked. In fact, he scores in every one of the adventures through which Mr. Bodkin puts him. How he combined entertainment with advantage may be gathered from the way he made the bar, the law, the courts, the police, the "commit suicide." He dropped some honey on the end of the bough of a tree, and hung an iron weight just in front of the honey.

The bear grew no heed at all to the weight that was hanging in front of him, but just shoved it out of his way with his snout to give himself clear room to pass. But the weight kept back smart from the swing an' gev

him a rap. Bedad, that riz the divil in the big bear.

At last he gev wan mighty smack that sint the weight flyin' round in a circle.

Readers of these racy stories will hardly need to look out in their glossaries for what I polluque in the back of the knob" means. It is enough that it killed the bear.

COULD NOT KEEP STRAIGHT.

In some natures the instinct for burglary is ineradicable. An instance of this is related by Mr. Thomas Holmes, the police-court missionary, in "Heath and Home."

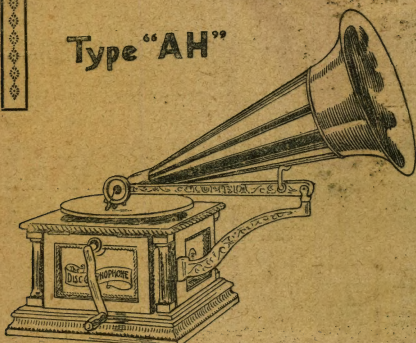
He provided work for a man—a bookbinder by trade—who was out on ticket-of-leave after a sentence of fifteen years' imprisonment for burglary and carrying firearms. For some time he worked incessantly, and was on the way to independence, when all at once he gave up his trade, was caught, and sentenced to three years.

Then once more he was allowed out on a "ticket," and the missionary once more gave him help. But seven months later he broke into a house, was caught, and sentenced to five years. "You know," he wrote, "I have fallen in to Mr. Holmes, 'but you do not know, you cannot know, how many times I have put the horrible temptation from me.'"

THE COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE

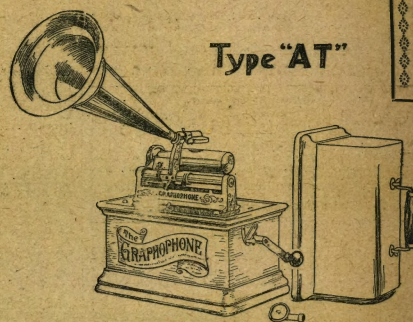
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